

# The Loyola Coclege — Review



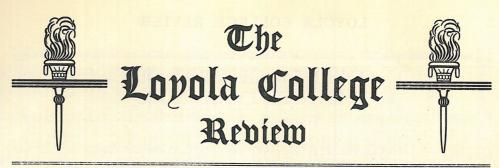
MONTREAL, JUNE, 1915.

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MONTREAL, JUNE, 1915.

# **EDITORIAL**

Nineteen years have flown by since Loyola College first opened its doors to a little band of eager students. Many are the faces that have since then gazed upon its class-room walls, first in the old building on the corner of Bleury and St. Catherine Streets, then in the present structure on Drummond Street. Many are they who have gone forth from Loyola to take their places in the various professions and the many departments of trade and commerce. Loyola Old Boys are scattered throughout Canada and the United States. A good number are at present fighting the battles of the Empire in Flanders, while others are even now on their way to the scene of combat.

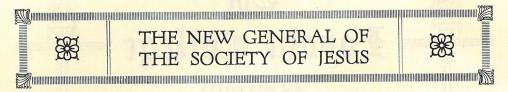
It is to create a closer bond of union among the Loyola Old Boys by keeping alive in them the spirit and memory of their College years, and to stir up among the present students a greater eagerness for literary production, as well as a certain amount of emulation, that the "LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW" is intended.

Though the difficulties met with in getting out this first number of the REVIEW cast many a dark cloud over the project, our confidence never wavered for a moment that in the end our efforts would meet with some measure of success, that the "Loyola College Review," if once fairly launched, would receive a hearty welcome from Loyola boys, past and present.

We shall not only record the events which take place yearly within the College circle, but shall strive to make the REVIEW a medium of information wherein the Old Boy may find facts of interest about every other Old Boy who is making his way in the world. The first part of our task will, we feel, grow easier from year to year, as the students through practice gain experience and confidence. For the second part we need the co-operation of the Loyola Old Boys' Association and of all past students of the College, wherever they may be. Any news item, great or trifling, will always be gratefully received and will help to add interest to our pages.

We have tried to make the REVIEW representative of Loyola in all its departments. In its columns will be found contributions from the Old Boys, the College Course, the Grammar Course, and even from the lower classes. We have full confidence that with the ready and willing spirit of Loyola all will continue to respond generously and do everything in their power to make the "LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW" a success.

THE EDITORS.

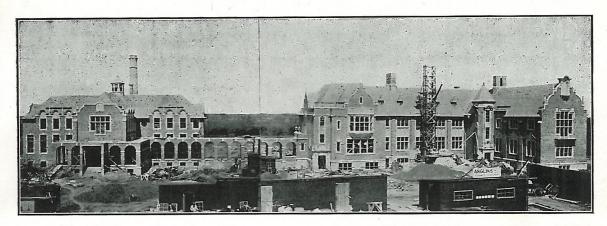


On the 11th of February, the Very Reverend Wlodimir Ledochowski was elected 26th General of the Society of Jesus. The New General is exceptionally young for the position, being only forty-eight; he is the youngest, in fact, but three, of the twenty-six eminent men who have been called to the Generalate of the Society. In the previous Congregation, eight years ago, he received an appreciable number of the votes, which proves that even then the members of the Order were impressed by his virtue and ability. During these times of international conflict Father Ledochowski will assuredly find ample scope for the exercise of his brilliant qualities. It is our filial duty and our pleasure to offer the New General our sincere and respectful homage, and to wish him a long and successful term of office.

The meeting of the Jesuits for the election of their General could not fail to attract the attention of the Press, and of the public through the Press. The serious divisions in Europe arising from the war made the meeting of unusual interest, it was taken for granted that in such a cosmopolitan body as are the Jesuits, contentions and political intrigues would certainly exist. Correspondents are not always fettered by an accurate knowledge of facts, and the public were presented with what perhaps the public expected and desired, that is, a bold diagnosis of the motives and policy of different groups in the Congregation. The fact that the New General had been Assistant of Germany afforded some journalists a sufficient reason for giving a political complexion to the event, and the result of the election was termed a triumph for Germany.

The facts, however, form a very simple story. The election was unusually speedy, and the New General received a substantial majority of the votes. There were no intrigues, there was nothing in fact to support or even suggest an exciting journalistic report. The members met quietly, consulted together harmoniously, voted conscientiously without any reference to nationality for the one whom they judged best fitted to discharge the duties of Head of the Order, and received the result with perfect submission. Then they returned each to his own country, to continue their work under the direction of the New General. The Assistancy of Germany at the time of the election included the Austrian, Belgian, Galician, Dutch, Hungarian Provinces, as well as the German Province. Why not call the result a triumph for Belgium?

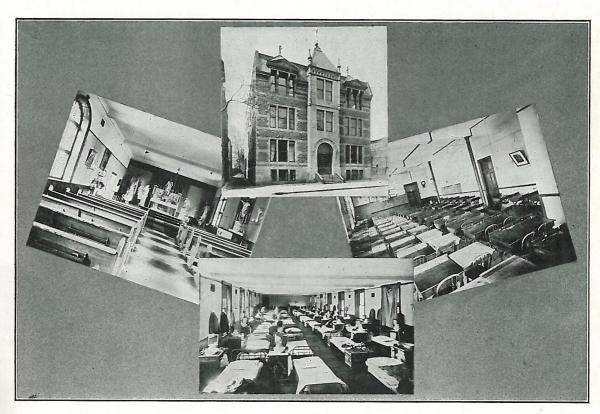
Father Ledochowski is by actual birth a Pole from Austrian Galicia, and was born at Loosdorf on October 7th, 1866. By immediate descent he belongs to Russia, whence two generations ago his family were exiled. Their adopted nation has found in them staunch and loyal sons. The uncle of the General, Cardinal Ledochowski, is famous for his championship of that nation's rights against those who aimed at destroying its language and national spirit.



Refectory Building

NEW LOYOLA

Juniors' Building



OLD LOYOLA

# · LOYOLA · COLLEGE ·

BRIEF , OUTLINE , OF , ITS , HISTORY

"For some years past," we read in the first Loyola College Prospectus, issued in August, 1896, "side by side with the French Course, an English Classical Course has been successfully taught and well attended at St. Mary's College, Bleury Street, Montreal. It has now been deemed expedient to separate the two courses and to have the English Course in a building apart, under exclusively English control and direction. In view of this, suitable buildings have been secured close to St. Mary's College, and to these, for the present, the lower classes of the English Classical Course will be transferred, and the School will be opened for the reception of pupils in September next, under the title of LOYOLA COLLEGE."

The "suitable buildings" referred to above, that formed the first home of Loyola students, was that building on the South-East corner of Bleury and St. Catherine Streets, now desecrated by a moving-picture theatre. We use the word "home" advisedly, as a home it had been for the boys since its opening on September 2nd, 1896. The smallness of the rooms, the narrow play-ground, had necessitated a rather broad, home-like system of study and general discipline; and the special, almost maternal care given to the quality and cooking of the food, under the sympathetic eye of Brother Brown, allowed the boys to enjoy home comforts that are hardly ever met with, even in the oldest and best equipped colleges.

The chief interest of those early days centres around the first Rector, Father Gregory O'Bryan. His striking physique and personality, his wide experience in matters educational, his career as a missionary priest, his long and close intimacy with the English bishops and prominent priests of Canada, qualified him in a most unusual manner for the position of Rector of an English Catholic College.

From the first, boys flocked to the new school principally because of its Rector; and both they and their parents found, as time went on, that their confidence had not been misplaced. Father O'Bryan was ably assisted in his difficult task by a devoted band of fellow-workers. Father Isidore Kavanagh, besides teaching Mathematics, fulfilled the duties of Minister and Bursar; Father Louis Cotter taught Music and presided over the first class of Rhetoric; Father E. J. Devine was chaplain, and Father Lactance Sigouin had charge of the study-hall. With these priests several Jesuit scholastics shared the labours of those early days. Mr. B. Hazelton was the first prefect; Mr. F. Wafer Doyle, afterwards Prefect for several years, taught the first class of Rudiments; and Mr. Alexander A. Gagnieur, a future Rector of the College, taught the class of Third Grammar and had charge of the Literary Society.

Of this first band, no fewer than three, Fathers O'Bryan, Sigouin and Hazelton, have already gone to their reward, while of the others, only Father Kavanagh is now at the College.

No striking incident occurred during the first year. On January 12th, 1898, at six o'clock in the morning, fire was discovered under the floor of a class-room on the second storey. The boys were still asleep, but were roused in hot haste and ordered down to the study-hall. After a good deal of hard work and much damage to the house-furniture, the firemen succeeded in mastering the blaze; but it was this fire, more than anything else, that drove Loyola students to Drummond Street.

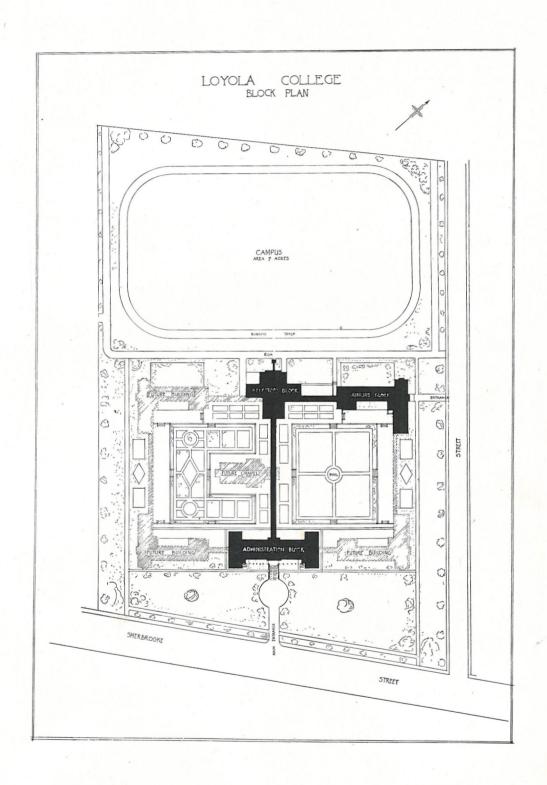
Up to this time No. 68 Drummond Street had been occupied by the well-known Tucker School. The principal of this institution accepted Father O'Bryan's generous terms, and within a few days classes were transferred to their new quarters. The class of Special Latin, which, later on, was to be Loyola's first Graduation Class, was likewise the first to enter the new building. In such taxing conditions, the admirable spirit of the boys helped considerably to the maintenance of discipline, and it is remarkable how brilliant were many of the mid-year examinations and how few of the boys failed in the tests. The all-pervading influence of the Rector contributed materially to these cheering results.

But the new quarters on Drummond Street, though larger and more suitable than the old ones on the South-East corner of Bleury and St. Catherine Streets, were soon felt to be unequal to the demands for further space. Plans were soon drawn up for the present brick building which runs at right angles to the portion that formed the original Tucker School.

At the Commencement Exercises in 1898, Father O'Bryan announced a not unwelcome piece of news, that on account of the new building, which was not to be ready till the end of September, classes would not be resumed till the month of October. Within two hours after this announcement labourers were at work digging the foundations, and within four months, the pupils had returned and were comfortably housed in the new structure.

In 1899, the College was formally incorporated by Act of the Provincial Parliament, and in the same year the scope of the Papal Constitution "Iamdudum" was so extended as to include Loyola. By this privilege, the degrees of Laval University are conferred on those who successfully pass the College examinations. The first degrees were conferred at the Commencement Exercises in June, 1903. Since that time Loyola has produced no fewer than forty-eight Bachelors of Arts, eight Bachelors of Science, and seven Bachelors of Letters.

Father O'Bryan remained in office until July, 1899, when he was succeeded by Father William Doherty. The latter's health, however, broke down after only a few months, and Father O'Bryan was again placed at the head of affairs for two years more. He was succeeded by Father A. E. Jones, who in 1904 made way for Father A. D. Turgeon, formerly Rector of St. Mary's College. One year afterwards, he in turn handed over the direction of affairs to Father O'Bryan, who thus for the third time became Rector. He continued in office until his lamented death in June, 1907.



Father Alexander A. Gagnieur was appointed to succeed Father O'Bryan and governed the College for six years. From its foundation, Loyola had grown steadily, if slowly, until, in 1912, it was deemed advisable to seek more commodious quarters. Accordingly, in 1913, the Drummond Street property was sold, and plans were begun for a new College in Montreal West. About this time Father Gagnieur's health broke down, and in May, 1913, he was succeeded by the present Rector, Father Thomas J. MacMahon, who had been Prefect the year before.

The excavations for the new buildings were begun on September 23rd and by December 20th, all the concrete work of the foundations was completed. It was not, however, till June 25th, that the super-structure was proceeded with. Within a month from that time the War broke out and retarded building operations for two months, but the exceptionally early Spring has enabled the contractors to make up for this loss, and they will have the College ready in time for the re-opening of classes.

### FLOWER OF GRACE

What joy, what sorrow in an earthly flower
As thou, fresh lily, fairest child of May,
Springing to perfect form in one short day,
Acknowledged queen of woodland wild and bower!
With fond regret we contemplate thy dower,
So soon the glory of thy bright array
Must show the ruthless triumph of decay;
Thy reign is as the passing of an hour.

We turn to thee, undying bloom of grace,
Thrice-favoured Mother of God's Holy One;
For when we gaze upon thy loving face,
Its beauty charms all hearts and saddens none.
Thy splendor, Spotless Lily, grows apace
Forever 'neath the smile of thine own Son.

# A DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW - COLLEGE - AND - GROUNDS

SITE:—The New Grounds and College Buildings are situated on Sherbrooke Street, in the extreme West of Notre Dame de Grace, convenient to the Street Cars, and within five minutes walk of the C.P.R. suburban station of Montreal West. The grounds, about fifty acres in all, extend both North and South of Sherbrooke Street, but for the present the South portion of about twenty acres will remain as an orchard and be cultivated by the College. The remainder, fully twenty-seven acres, is being laid out with a view to future developments.

PLAN:—Before definitely fixing upon a plan, various similar institutions were investigated, and after mature consideration, it was decided to discard the generally accepted principle of one large building with its consequent dark and cheerless rooms, and to follow the modern English tendency towards separate buildings for each Department, to connect these buildings with cloisters and treat the quadrangles thus formed as lawns and flower gardens. The Block Plan herewith attached shows more clearly the scheme and the relative position of the buildings, campus, etc.

Facing Sherbrooke Street and set back 150 feet is the Main Administration and Faculty Building partly erected with space reserved for future buildings both to the East and to the West. Continuing North from the Administration and Faculty Building is the future Chapel, and behind it are the Refectory Building and to the East the Juniors' Building, both completed, and to the West the future Seniors' Building. North of the Refectory and Juniors' Buildings, and extending the full width of the property, over 750 yards, is the Campus, which should rank as one of the finest of its kind in Canada. As a means of comparison it may be noted that it is considerably larger than that of the M.A.A.A. Grounds on St. Catherine Street West.

At present, for financial reasons, only three buildings have been erected, these being the Juniors,' the Refectory, and part of the Administration and Faculty Building.

JUNIORS' BUILDING:—The Juniors' Building, which for the time being will accommodate both Seniors and Juniors is L shaped in plan, about 160 by 130 feet, three-and-a-half storeys high, and has accommodation for about 115 Boarders. In the main portion of the Ground Floor are the Recreation Room, 95 by 30 feet, Billiard Room, Reading Room with open fire-place and bay-window, and Locker Room. The Eastern Wing of this floor provides accommodation for the Day Scholars and includes Study, Locker Room, etc. These two latter rooms are not yet completed, the space being required for the temporary Chapel.

# Joyola College & Montreil,

ADMINISTRATION AND FACULTY BUILDING

NEW LOYOLA

The class-rooms measure about 27 feet by 22 feet, and are 12 feet high. They are well lighted and ventilated, and are so arranged that each room gets a good proportion of sunlight. In fact, this may be said of every room in the building without exception. The windows are large, and each class-room has its own ventilation so designed that in winter heated fresh air is blown in and extracted by fans, without having recourse to open windows. The study is treated in the same manner as the class-rooms, with windows facing South-East and West. The parlor is 27 feet by 22 feet, and has a large bay-window facing the Campus, and an open fire-place. On the Second Floor are the Sodality Chapel, two Dormitories, Bath-rooms and Lavatories. The Sodality Chapel for the exlusive use of the Sodalists, has an open timbered ceiling, and will seat about sixty. The Dormitories have been modelled upon the type in vogue at the Naval Academy, Osborne, England. The beds are placed in the centre of the room, and around the walls are cubicles. Each of these cubicles contains a wardrobe 6 feet wide by 6 feet high, and a wash-basin. Both Dormitories are well ventilated with windows placed 6 feet above the floor, and extractorfans, etc. The Bath-rooms contain the most sanitary type of showers, bathtubs and wash-basins, and special attention has been given to prevent scalding by the use of an automatic control valve which keeps the temperature of the water from going above a fixed point. The walls, floors, etc., of bath and toilet rooms are of tile, the only wood in these apartments being the doors.

THE REFECTORY BUILDING:—The Refectory Building, about 60 feet to the West of the Juniors' Block and connected to it by means of a cloister, is three storeys high. On the Ground Floor are the boiler and pump rooms, coal space, workmans' dining-room and dormitory, store rooms and coldstorage plant. On the First Floor are the Refectories, one each for the Community, Lay Masters, Seniors and Juniors; the kitchen, scullery, bakery, cook's store and service room. The Refectories are 18 feet high, and have large leaded glass windows, red English quarry tiled floors, and ornamented plaster beams, and the rooms are ventilated by means of extractor-fans. Much thought has been given to insure the success of the kitchen and its adjuncts. The second Floor, almost entirely devoted to the Infirmary, is isolated by means of lobbies and cross ventilation. All the materials are impervious, and all dust-collected mouldings, etc., are eliminated. There is also a large dormitory and observation-room for isolation in case of an epidemic, with room for twenty-five patients.

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING:—The Administration and Faculty Building, which is only partially built, will, when completed, be four-and-a-half storeys high, with a large centre tower seven storeys high. On the Ground and First Floors the Eastern section will be entirely devoted to Chemical Physical and Biological Laboratories, Preparation Room, and Dark Room for photographic and other purposes. These rooms are all inter-communicating. The remainder of these two floors is taken up with two double reception parlours, Community Library, Bursar's office, etc. The Second and Third Floors will be entirely devoted to the Community. In the centre over the Main Entrance will be the Community Chapel 30 feet by 30 feet.

CHAPEL:—Centrally located between the Administration and the Refectory Buildings and to the West side of the Cloister line, is the Chapel Building, with seating accommodation for about 500 persons. This building has been treated more or less in 14th Century English Gothic, both externally and internally. The floors will be of English oak parquetry or tiles, and the walls will be treated in rough plaster with stone trimmings and panelled wood dado 9 feet high. Special attention has been given to the large open raftered roof which will be built in B. C. Fir and will be a replica of the well-known and much discussed 14th Century roof of Westminster Hall.

EXTERNAL TREATMENT:—The accompanying Bird's Eye View of the completed scheme, the view of the Administration and Faculty Building, and the photographs of the buildings now erected, indicate the general design, which is more or less a free treatment of the Tudor and Early Renaissance type of English Collegiate and Domestic Work, adapted to suit modern requirements. The walls are of brick faced with Matt surface Greendale Bricks, with Indiana Limestone or Terra-Cotta trimmings, and set upon a base of Montreal limsetone.

The Administration Block with Main Entrance in the centre of the Tower is fronted by an open arcaded terrace with a stone balustrade at top, and is approached by a flight of 22 steps 30 feet wide. The Tower, 40 feet by 30 feet, has four octagonals with a large oriel window in the centre having moulded mullions, cusped and traceried heads with cresting heraldic shields, etc. It is carried up to the roof, and forms with projecting corbelled and embrasured parapet a promenade all around the tower, from which every part of the City can be seen. The Main Entrance doorway, practically a copy of St. Mary's, Oxford, will have in the centre of the bay over the door a carved and traceried niche with a statue of St. Ignatius. The spaces between the Tower and the side projecting wings on both the North and the South Elevations will be divided into panels with buttresses, with intakes terminating under the moulded cornice. The windows will have moulded mullions with cusped and traceried heads, the panels between the windows being carved and enriched with traceried heraldic devices, etc. The small gablets over these windows will be shaped and moulded with ornamented finials. The turrets in the corners forming the two side entrances to the staircases will be slightly more Renaissance in treatment, and will have Entrance Doorways with fluted columns, enriched arch mould, entablature, etc., and the upper storeys will be treated in a similar manner, with intervening panels filled in with carving and terminated at the roof level with a large cartouche of typical Jacobean interlacing strapwork. The projecting wings have large oreil windows supported on corbels and terminated at the top with gargoyles at angles and These windows will have lead glazing, traceried and embrasured parapet. and the panels between them will be carved. The East and West Elevations are similar to the South Elevation already described, excepting that they will be treated less decoratively and that the gablets will be peaked with moulded finials.

The Chapel Block, as has already been noted, will be of 14th Century Gothic Design. The entrance will be from the Cloisters through an arched doorway enriched with typical mouldings, pillars, and ornament, and above

this will be a large stone traceried rose window. The gable will be peaked and have the stone skews terminated with a stone cross. The Side Elevation will be divided into bays with buttresses, and each bay will have a large stone mullioned and traceried window with leaded laticed glass; the eaves will be terminated upon a stone string course enriched with bosses carved with suitable motifs. The end bay will project a little further to accommodate the altars of the side Chapels and will have a niche with a carved symbolic figure. The Choir, Sanctuary, Sacristies, etc., call for special treatment to suit the lay-out, and this is done by introducing angle turrets with small slot windows and stone roofs. The gable of the Sanctuary is peaked and has large mullioned and traceried windows, stone skews and finials.

The Juniors' Building, except that the trimmings are Terra-Cotta instead of stone, follows somewhat the same treatment as the Administration Block, with variations in the design of the gablets, doorways, etc., these being treated with a more Renaissance feeling. The large niche in the South-East gable is left prepared for a Terra-Cotta figure of St. Ignatius, and the smaller niches over the doorway, etc., are to receive small lead figures. A special feature is made of the oriel window of the Sodality Chapel which will eventually be filled in with leaded glass appropriately designed.

The Refectory Building calls for a slightly different treatment of windows to suit the lay-out. Sliding sash is used in place of casement and the dormers are grouped.

TYPE OF CONSTRUCTION:—As has been previously mentioned. all the buildings have been constructed in the most approved modern manner consistent with due economy. The structure is thoroughly fire-proof, consisting of reinforced concrete foundations, columns, floors, and ceilings with the space between the columns at the exterior walls filled in with 8 in. brick wall, a hollow space, and a 4 in. hollow Terra-Cotta inside wall or furring. The stairs are of iron. Numerous exits have been arranged, particularly in the dormitories, where in the event of a panic the students can, by opening a window in the end wall, readily pass out on to the concrete roofs of the cloisters To show the advantages of this type of construction, it might be mentioned that when the Refectory Building was in course of erection a pile of about four tons of insulating material caught fire and burned and smouldered for several hours without causing any damage to the structure other than staining the walls. Had this occurred where there were wood floors, most of the building would have been destroyed.

The Heating is by hot water forced and accelerated by means of steam turbine pumps with an electric motor and pump for emergency. Extract ventilation is given where necessary, and in some rooms, such as class-rooms, study-halls, etc., warmed fresh air will be blown into the rooms at such times as it may be found inadvisable to open the windows.

CAMPUS:—The Campus, measuring approximately 270 yards by 150 yards, will be a distinctive feature of the new Loyola College and will furnish ample room for all the College Sports. The cinder-track will be 18 feet wide and one-third of a mile long.



A, M. D. G.

# Solemn Requiem Wass

FOR

# Deceased Members of the Staff and Students of Lopola College

IN THE

# College Chapel

Thursday, Pobember 12, 1914, at 8.30 o'clock

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,"

# Loyola College Dead

Rev. Peter Cassidy, S.J.	Jan.	19,	'02	Rev. Rod. Lachapelle, S.J.	Feb.	19.	'01
Rev. John Connolly, S.J.				Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J.	June	-	
Rev. William Doherty, S.J.				Rev. Eugene Schmidt, S.J.	May	21.	'04
Rev. Joseph Grenier, S.J.	May	4.	'13	Rev. Lactance Sigouin, S.J.	Mar.	29.	'98
Rev. Peter Hamel, S.J.	June	6.	'05	Rev. Adrian Turgeon, S.J.	Sept.	8.	'12
Rev. Benj. Hazelton, S.J.	Sept.	1,	'08	Rev. Francis Coll, S.J.	Jan.	12.	'00
Rev. Victor Hudon, S.J.	Oct.	4.	'13	Rev. George Brown, S.J.	Dec.	7.	'01
Rev. George Kenny, S.J.				Mr. Cuthbert Udall	July		'11
		200					

Acton, William
Armstrong, Lawrence
Baxter, Quigg
Blanchard, George
Brady, Terence
Brown, Henry
Burke, John
Cagney, Clarence
Caveny, Martin
Chevaller, Jacques
Cloran, Edward

Condon, Leo
Daly, George
Doran, Francis
Farrell, Edward
Hooper, James
Keyes, Michael
Marson, Robert
Marson, Walter
Morgan, Henry
McGee, James
McGoldrick, John

Monk, Henry
O'Brien, Richard
Page, Severin
Perodeau, Charles
Poupore, Leo
Rolland, Wilfrid
Rousseau, Henry
Ryan, Francis
Shallow, Arthur
Smith, Charles
Tate, Louis

# Requiescant in Pace

# THE LAST WISHES OF A SOLDIER OF CHRIST

(From the French of Louis Veuillot)

"My pen place here, close by my side, Lay on my breast the cross, my pride, Let this book at my feet be hid, And gently close the coffin-lid.

"Then, when the last sad rite is sped, The rood uplift above my head. If on my grave a stone there be, Let it read: 'I believed, I see.'

"If aught ye speak, say but: 'He sleeps, His work is done, no watch he keeps:' Or rather say: 'The Light has beamed, He sees at last all he had dreamed.'

"I hope in Christ; 'mid toil and strife I ne'er denied His Law in life: On Judgment Day, He will not shame Before His Sire to own my name."

GEORGE FAIRFAX.

# FIRST RECTOR OF LOYOLA

Father Gregory O'Bryan, S.J., was born in Halifax in 1858 and received his primary education in his native city. He studied for a time at the Grand Seminary in Montreal, and entered the Jesuits' at the age of twenty-one. After his novitiate, a term of teaching at Saint Mary's College, in Montreal, and a course of philosophy, at Stonyhurst, England, he was sent to Manitoba to work in the College at St. Boniface, which had just been handed over to his Order. His theological studies in Milltown Park, near Dublin, was followed by his ordination to priesthood. It was in Ireland that he began his missionary work. After another year, in Roehampton, near London, he returned to Canada, in 1892.

The young priest then entered upon that remarkable missionary career which embraced almost the whole of Canada, Newfoundland, and the Northern States. "There are few Catholic centers of any importance," says a biographer, "in which he has not preached, few religious communities to whom he has not given retreats." Besides this he was frequently called upon to give diocesan retreats to the clergy. Everywhere was felt the influence of his strong and forceful personality. His deep and earnest conviction made itself felt in every effort of his eloquence, in every flight of that natural gift of oratory which ranked him among the foremost of our Canadian missionaries. He brought the truths of Faith home to his hearers by the power of his fearless manhood, as well as by his compelling words. The pith of Father O'Bryan's messages to his hearers ever showed plainly that he was impatient of halfheartedness in the service of God, of shallowness and insincerity. His style of preaching was free from sensationalism and founded on common sense and solid reasoning. "In all his discourses," says one of the leading Catholic journals, "there was a profoundity of thought, a degree of learning, and a rare power of expression—may we not call it a heart language?—which went straight, as the arrow from the bow, from soul to soul, beseeching love for the Crucified." There was a masculine strength and directness in it which did not, however, detract from beauty of diction, or flashes of poetic thought. He owed to his Celtic origin, no less than to the polish of his training, a grace of imagery always harmoniously and aptly applied.

The conspicious note of Father O'Bryan's missionary labors, and it may be said of his life, was forgetfulness of self. He it was who always chose the most arduous duties, who, after a day of indescribable fatigue, rose to say the earliest Mass next morning, or to hear confessions. He did not spare himself, but he was ever full of thoughtful consideration for others, a quality which was manifested even to his last hour.

To the City of Montreal Father O'Bryan rendered an important service by his successful development of Loyola College. When, in 1896, he was appointed its first Rector, he threw himself into the enterprise with his customary whole-heartedness, and aimed at making the new institute in every respect a model of learning. After an interregnum of four years, during which time he was succeeded respectively by the late Father Doherty, Father Jones and Father Turgeon, he was recalled, in 1905, to his old post of duty, under the conditions imposed by his impaired health that must have been singularly uncongenial to one of his temperament. Physical infirmities had set in which caused grave anxiety to all who knew him. The heart of this good priest, which had spent itself, as it were, in the service of God and of humanity, became seriously affected with the growing symptoms of ANGINA PECTORIS. Public speaking or active exertion of any kind was denied him, a sad trial truly for the unflagging energy and activity that had been unwearied in well-doing.

Two years of repose and intermittent attack of the dread disease which carried him off, closed the career of Father O'Bryan. Three days before his death was his last appearance before an audience. It was an occasion which specially appealed to him, the meeting of an association founded by himself, the Alumni of Loyola. It gave the beloved Rector the opportunity to impress once more upon his hearers the lessons they had learned at the college, lessons of honour and manliness, of self-restriant and devotion to duty, of a loyal and fearless expression of their faith. His ringing words, uttered with old-time eloquence, though, alas, with visible effort, will never be forgotten, for they were, indeed, emphasized three days later by the tragic death of the speaker himself.

The last day of Father O'Bryan's life was a characteristic one, being spent almost entirely for others. He attended the funeral of an old professor, welcomed Father Campbell, the Gælic missionary, who had just arrived from Scotland, and later in the day, went to see a friend who had been seriously ill. In the evening, he was visited, in an informal way, by the college physician, Dr. McCarthy, who warned him that he had been doing too much. At half past ten, Father O'Bryan was found in his office, seated in an armchair, and complaining of suffocation. The physician was summoned only to find the usual remedies unavailing and the end at hand. The intrepid priest had long faced death; he met it now with his wonted courage and complete resignation. He asked for the last Sacraments, which were administered, and while his assembled community were reciting the prayers for the dying, he passed into unconsciousness, only five minutes before his splendid career of usefulness had come to an end. By a beautiful coincidence, the faithful servant who had loved so much, and spent himself so untiringly in the service of his Master. was called to his reward on the octave of Corpus Christi, vigil of the feast of the Sacred Heart.

It was symbolical of the rejoicing that should attend this ideal death, that the Church of the Gesu, on the morning of the funeral, was resplendant in its decorations for the great festival. The larger edifice was filled to repletion. Many remembered with poignant regret how often it had been filled to listen

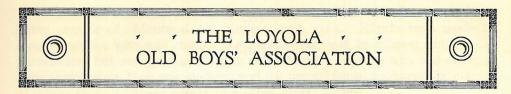
to his masterly sermons. The demonstration of grief was noticeable and striking. Women and men wept, every head was bowed in prayer, while many hearts recalled the acts of kindness and the words of sympathy and encouragement. The vast throng, as one person, seemed to mourn

# "THE HUMAN-HEARTED MAN WE LOVED,"

no less than the great Jesuit, the scholarly educator, the successful missionary. Father O'Bryan was buried in the little cemetery at Sault-au-Recollet. His grave is beside the one wherein so lately was laid Father Doherty, his friend and fellow in the missionary field. The example of the Rector of Loyola, as a saintly religious and indefatigable worker must remain in the college that he governed, and wherein he inculcated the highest ideas of Christian manhood; in the Order of which he was an ornament; in the various congregations, where though dead, he still speaks; in Canada, in which he was an enlightened and public-spirited citizen; in the Canadian Church, whereof he was, in every truth, a shining light.

ANNA T. SADLIER, (In the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart).





On June 17th, 1906, some of the former students met in Loyola College to discuss the formation of an Alumni Society. From the very early days of Loyola such a society was suggested and desired, but it was not until the first group of graduates had left the College that the foundation was considered practicable. Even then the number of Old Boys was hardly sufficient to ensure a solid beginning and a prosperous development, and a few more years elapsed before the first definite steps were taken towards the realization of the idea.

At this first meeting in June, 1906, a fair number of the former students were present. Mr. F. McKenna acted as chairman.

All were agreed that an Association for the Old Boys was desirable and even necessary. The opportuneness of bringing it into existence at that time was the only point that caused a difference of opinion. However, after a very short deliberation, it was unanimously and enthusiastically decided to form an Association to be known under the name of "The Loyola Old Boys' Association."

The details of the new Society required a more lengthy consideration. A committee consisting of Dr. Leo Mason, Messrs. L. Ryan, F. McKenna, R. McIlhone, W. Cummings, C. Bermingham and T. Tansey was elected to prepare rules and by-laws to be submitted for discussion to the members, at a second meeting to be called in September.

Before the meeting was adjourned the gentlemen present moved and carried that a scholarship to be awarded by the Rector be presented to the College on behalf of the Association.

When the members met again on September 9th, 1906, the draft of by-laws prepared by the Committee was considered. The name chosen in June was approved of and adopted. It will be sufficient for our purposes in this short sketch to quote only the following from among the by-laws of the Association.

II.

### MEMBERS.

- 1. The Association shall be composed of those who, as students, have ever attended Loyola College and also of those, who, at any time, were members of the English Classical Course of St. Mary's College.
- 2. The Association shall also be composed of Honorary Members who will consist of such English-speaking students of St. Mary's College prior to the formation of the English Course there as may be elected by the Association.

## III.

## OBJECTS.

To promote intercourse and friendship between the members and to rivet firmly a bond between them and the College and to present from time to time, according to the judgment of the members, marks of appreciation to their Alma Mater.

The first election of officers was held on the 7th of October, 1906. The following gentlemen were elected:—

President - - - - Mr. John Hackett
Vice-President - - - Dr. James Rogers
Sec.-Treasurer - - - Mr. T. Tansey

Mr. W. H. Butler
Mr. J. Dickenson
Mr. Chas. Bermingham

The Association was now duly founded, and since that time the regular meeting of the members has been held every year. The record of results, however, is not a series of triumphs. The new association had many difficulties to cope with, and it is not less our duty to tell of the failures mingled with the successes. On two or three occasions the question of the advisability of continuing the Association was discussed, but all who take a real interest in Loyola rejoice that in spite of the weakness which the mere possibility of such a discussion would seem to indicate, the Loyola Old Boys' Association is still in existence and gives every promise of a glorious future.

One of the greatest obstacles to uninterrupted success has been the want of a suitable hall in which to hold business and social meetings. This obstacle is really more formidable than may at first appear. Cramped surroundings are not attractive in themselves, and, unless there be some compensating advantage, they may crush enthusiasm even to the point of extinction. In the case of an Old Boys' Association, the force most potent in counteracting any material disadvantage is the opportunity the annual meeting affords old friends, who have lived in the same college for many years, of coming together again after a separation which may extend as far back as the previous meeting of the The place of meeting is then of practically little or no importance. Everything else is forgotten in the interest and pleasure of the reunion. We, however, have hitherto been differently situated. Our active members have been residents of Montreal, who have frequent occasions of inter-communication and the meetings of the Association could offer them, therefore in this regard, no advantage which they did not already fully enjoy. The meetings were quiet, uneventful gatherings, held in a small unattractive and incommodious hall. Many, though wishing the Association every success, forgot the date of meetings or else neglected to attend, convinced that those who did attend would elect a Committee thoroughly capable of transacting the business of the Association, and thoroughly satisfactory to all the members.

Again, the difficulty of getting into communication with former students living outside of Montreal has hindered our work. Efforts were made to reach everyone who was eligible for membership, and to interest him on the Association, but our ignorance of the new addresses of some who had changed their abodes since their college days, and the forgetfulness, negligence or apathy of others rendered these efforts to a great extent futile.

The hindrances to progress are now, we trust, about to disappear. The New Loyola, with its bright, cheerful, spacious halls, yet cosy and homelike atmosphere, will offer the Association every advantage which can result from pleasant and suitable surroundings. Unfortunately we shall have to wait some little time before all the houses of the College are erected, but even in its partially completed state the New Loyola will not be without some commodious room in which the Old Students will find a charm and an attraction.

In order to keep in touch with the Old Boys a new system has been devised. A form has been prepared and printed with ruled spaces for the name, year of entering and leaving College, class from which student left, address, occupation, distinction achieved and many other items of interest to the Association. With a little care on the part of the old students in recording any change whether of residence, or in circumstances of any kind, this system will be found easy, complete and satisfactory. The apathetic may, of course, remain inactive, but the forgetful and negligent will have no further excuse.

AN OLD BOY.



# LOYOLA BOYS AT THE FRONT

It is with feelings of genuine pride, feelings not unmixed, however, with a certain amount of anxiety, that we have beheld the long and rapidly growing list of Loyola Old Boys off to the Front.

The list we have is certainly incomplete, and of course, as the War goes on and as our country needs them, many more Loyola Old Boys will be added to the roll; but at present we have been able to count no less than thirty-two on active service. Some have been wounded, but as yet we have had no deaths to mourn.

It was most gratifying to see what efforts several of our Old Boys made to pay a visit to the College on their way through Montreal. Thaddeus Armstrong, ex '05, was one of our callers. He gave up a splendid position in British Columbia, and resigned his lieutenancy in a local regiment in order to get to the front. He came through at Christmas acting as sergeant-major in charge of three hundred Westerners. He paid a visit from Quebec and has written from the trenches. Adrian Fletcher passed through the City in May, but could not get leave to visit. Despite letters and telegrams, Arthur McGovern was not much more fortunate. He managed, however, to get in a telephone message around midnight as his regiment marched from the train to the transport. Arthur gave up a splendid law practice in Winnipeg to volunteer for active service.

With the early days of Loyola the four little Chevalier boys will always be associated. Jacques has since died. All three surviving brothers are at the front. Philippe, a civil engineer, Pierre, an architect, enlisted as privates in the 14th Battalion Royal Montreal and left with the First Contingent. Armand joined the "Royal Canadien" on its formation as Captain and Paymaster. He went on active service only a week after his marriage with Miss Marguerite Forget and left with the Second Contingent.

Ray Ryan is another of the boys of the early days of Loyola. He has gone with the Third Contingent, a Lieutenant in Borden's Armoured Battery.

Henri Panet is the only one of Loyola Boys to choose the Army as a profession. He passed into Kingston Military College after a brilliant entrance examination that placed him first on the list with no second in sight. He had one year more to spend at Kingston, but the need of Officers gave him his Commission at Christmas time. He is now at the front.

Clarence Doheny, the phenomenal goal-minder of our all-but-champion hockey team of 1906, left with a battalion from Toronto. Ernie Grimes left from Ottawa. Frank Maguire, who qualified as Captain, but was unable to secure a Commission in time, enlisted as a private, and now as sergeant in a

LIEUT. GEO. P. VANIER, '06



CAPT. JOHN C. WICKHAM, '09

LIEUT. ARTHUR McGovern, 09

CAPT. JOHN P. WALSH, '04

LOYOLA OLD BOYS AT THE FRONT

Quebec battalion of the First Contingent has had some remarkable experiences. A long letter from him printed in the papers gave a very vivid picture of some severe fighting. Joe Power left with the same battalion.

The names of Gerald Furlong and Donald Hingston belong more to St. Mary's College than to Loyola, though they appear in our first College Catalogue. The latter, with the rank of Captain, is one of the senior surgeons in Number Three General Hospital. "Jerry" Furlong is Captain and Quarter-master of the 24th Battalion in which Lawrence Wilson, Gussie Rainville, Leo Le Bouthillier and Adrian McKenna are privates or N.C.O's., Victor Walsh, a Lieutenant, and Jack Jenkins, Hon. Captain and Medical Officer.

Roddy Watt and Harry Kelly have gone or are on the eve of departure. Harry Davis married in England and there joined the Royal Field Artillery.

Harold Hingston and Ernie McKenna are soon to leave for the front. They are going as Lieutenants in the 60th Battalion.

Tom Guerin, who, ever since leaving College, has been active in Militia affairs and was a Major in the Duke of York's Hussars at the age of twenty-three, is now in Barracks at St. John, Que. with the Remount Department and preparing to go to the front.

Our Graduates are deserving of special mention. We have sixty-three Graduates living. Of these, six are now resident in the United States, and nine have joined the ranks of the Clergy. Of the remaining forty-eight, eight have already gone to the front. They are in order of graduation and with their new military titles: Captain John P. Walsh, ('04), C.A.M.C.; Lieutenant George P. Vanier ('06), "Royal Canadien;" Sergeant Francis Maguire ('07); Lieutenant Charles G. Power ('07), who went over with the Canadian Battalion from Quebec, now serving in some English regiment; Sergeant Leo Lynch ('08), Borden's Armoured Battery; Lieutenant Arthur McGovern ('09); Captain John C. Wickham ('09), C.A.M.C., Number Three General Hospital; Captain John D. Shee ('10), C.A.M.C.

To our list of Graduates at the front we are tempted to add the name of Honorary Captain George Boyce, who took his B.A. ('08) and Medical degrees at Laval, Quebec, and left as Medical Officer in the same battalion as Frank Maguire. Few Loyola Old Boys are more attached to the College than is George Boyce.

To Old Boys at the front, who are risking their lives in the cause of patriotism and of justice, the thoughts of all Loyola students past and present go out with admiration and pride. Our prayers, too, will follow them, that all may come back safe. Yet, if it please God that some of them should not return, if the sacrifice they made on leaving has been accepted, we pray that they may fall gloriously, as faithful soldiers of Christ as they are of their earthly King.

# THE LOYOLA CADET CORPS

As a postscript to the above imperfect record of what Old Boys who have become soldiers are doing, we may add a few words regarding present boys and their less sanguinary triumphs in the beginning of the Loyola College Cadets. On November 19th drill began for all the boys of fifteen years and over. The drills took place chiefly in the armoury of the Irish Rangers on Stanley Street and lasted till the opening of the hockey season.

Officers of the Rangers, many of whom are Loyola Old Boys, acted as drill instructors. In the Spring, forty of the tallest boys from the L. C. Cadets donned the brand-new uniforms of khaki and green, and took their places in the Regiment on the occasion of its first inspection by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, and also took part in the first regimental church parade. On both occasions the Loyola boys made a fine appearance and did themselves and the College credit.

These mutual good offices are not the only links between Loyola College and the first Irish regiment in Montreal. The Commanding Officer and the Second in Command of the 55th Regiment, Irish Canadian Rangers, are none other than Harry Trihey and Willie O'Brien, both pioneers of the English Classical Course at St. Mary's College, which gave rise to our College. The name of Harry Trihey, B.A., was one of those read out at our first Prize Day in 1897 and appears in our first catalogue. It was in the L. C. Boys' Recreation Room that the very first drill in the Officers' Training Class was held, and it was the boys old and tried friend, Major John Long, who taught the future Officers the first rudiments of drill. A number of Old Boys are in the rank and file or amongst the Non-Commissioned Officers, while John Hackett, Ernie McKenna, Harold Hingston, Jimmie O'Connor and Ray Ryan are Lieutenants. The College has also given the Regiment its Chaplain, Reverend Father Hingston, S.J.

The complete organization of the L. C. Cadet Corps was left over till we should be in our new College. Officers will have to be chosen, a uniform designed and the drill gone at systematically. Our first experience in the work has led all to conclude that there are in Loyola College the materials for a Cadet Corps second to none in Canada.

"EYE-WITNESS"

# MY SHORT STORY

"Well. I have decided what to write about," said I with an air of finality. Bill, lying comfortably in bed, glanced at me lazily.

"What is it to be?" he drawled out.

"Oh, something about the War," I replied in an off-hand manner.

"Something about the War!" repeated Bill, a little too sarcastically. "Aren't there enough senseless stories about the War flooding I thought. the country, without your adding to their number?"

"Perhaps," I said, rather nettled, "but mine isn't going to be senseless. Bill smiled in a superior manner, but said nothing. I was annoyed with him, but the feeling soon passed. No one could resist Bill Rollinson's sunny nature for any length of time; it was too contagious; besides he and I were fast friends. We had been discussing the Short Story Competition all evening, and I had reached my momentous decision just before going to bed. Bill's adverse criticism of it rankled in my mind for a few minutes, but did not in the least dissuade me from my purpose. Before a week had elapsed I had launched forth into a tale reeking with cannon-smoke and flashing with the glint of sabre and bayonet. My hero had just saved the whole British Army from complete annihilation, when-I stopped. Somehow I could not go on. Perhaps it was the magnitude of his heroic feat that made my ending so flat; certain it is, that do what I would with him-load him down with all the honours of the land or leave him to die a lonely death on the battle-fieldmy hero remained a rank failure.

I confessed my trouble to Bill.

"Why not try a tale of the sea?" he suggested.

I thought it over for a few days, then decided to follow his advice. I became quite enthusiastic over the idea.

"How are you getting along with the story?" Bill inquired one night.

"Splendidly," I replied. "The introduction was easy and I have a very powerful ending—the hero going down to a watery grave after saving the captain's daughter."

"That sounds exciting," said Bill, "but haven't you got anything else besides the introduction and the end? There's usually a plot to these

stories, isn't there?"

"Not always," I replied, trying not to glare at him, "but I'll work in one somehow or other."

But the working-in process did not succeed very well, and once more I had to acknowledge defeat. For a few days I decided not to attempt anything further, but a vivid poster of some mediæval scene hung outside a movingpicture theatre inspired me with the desire to write a tale of the middle ages. I started in again, and again I obtained the usual results. Rome under Cæsar's sway, then Athens during the time of Demosthenes, became in turn the setting of my plot; but the classic days of the toga and the himation were too much for my imagination, and at the end of another week found me no further advanced in my story. In fact I was in a worse state than when I started. My mind had become a maze of plots and counter-plots. I had weird dreams in which Roman knights armed with maxim-guns fought Newfoundland fishermen for the possession of the philosopher's stone.

Then one afternoon while we were liesurely preparing our work for the next day—Bill and I roomed together near the college—the mail came in. There were two or three nondescript notices for me which I threw away in disgust. Bill, however, had received a long letter. He was still reading it when I finished my Algebra exercise.

"From Jim Dennings," was his explanation, as he folded and placed it in his pocket. "He says he is going to stay another month in Italy."

"Lucky dog!" I sighed. "I wish I were back there." And I began to think of the pleasant time I had spent in that sunny land but one short year ago. Italy! The word brought back many memories of places, persons and historic scenes.

"Talking of Italy," I said suddenly, "reminds me of a peculiar incident that happened to me there. Did I ever tell you about it?"

"If it's that wild tale about your nearly being drowned in Venice," answered Bill, "you certainly have told me it scores of times."

"No, it isn't that. This is something more interesting still."

"Then why not write it up for your short story," was Bill's suggestion. "You would spare me the trouble of having to listen to it now."

"That's a good idea. I think I shall, only—"

"Only what?"

"It has no beginning, as far as I know." Bill stared at me.

"I'll explain," I said laughing.

"I met with this experience in a rather curious manner. I was cycling from Florence to Rome, when a bad puncture forced me to stop at a little town called Frassineto. There was no hotel in the place, but the mayor invited me to his own house for the night. I appreciated his kindness and accepted the invitation. The mayor was a tall handsome man of about forty, whose father, he proudly told me, had fought for the Pope in 1870 and had distinguished himself for valour. Upon hearing that I came from Canada, he remarked that he had an uncle, his father's brother, who had gone out to settle there some forty-five years ago. He didn't know very much about him, as his father had rarely spoken of him, but it seemed that the two had quarreled and his uncle had left the country for Canada."

"It was in his father's room, unused since his death a few years ago, that I was to pass the night. It was rather late when I went to bed. The last thing I noticed before falling asleep was a beam of moonlight shining on a picture which hung on the wall opposite my bed. It must have made an impression on me, for it haunted me even in my sleep.

"I awoke later on with a start—something most unusual for me. The moon was behind a bank of clouds, so that it was only after my eyes had become used to the darkness that I could make out my unfamiliar surroundings. As I glanced around the room, I saw a form glide along the wall and stop in front of the picture. I held my breath and waited to see what would happen.

Just then the moon came out again and I saw the figure, that of an old man, reach stealthily up and with shaking hand take the picture from its position. Without looking at me at all he turned around and left as quietly as he had come."

"I was rather frightened at first. Could it have been a ghost? Reason, however, reassured me, and I concluded that it must have been some inmate of the house whom I had not as yet seen and who was unaware of my presence in the room."

"The next morning while thanking my host for his kindness my eye fell on a photograph lying on the table. With a start of surprise I recognised the face of the ghostly intruder. I asked the mayor who it was."

"This," he replied, tenderly picking it up, "is the last photograph my poor father ever had taken. It's a very striking likeness of him too—very striking."

"At the moment I must have turned pale, but I said nothing further about the matter and left soon after. For two or three weeks I could not get the memory of that peculiar adventure out of my head, and even yet it makes me feel creepy to think of it." Bill was silent, but I could see he was interested. "It could not have been my imagination," I continued, "because I did not know until the next morning that the old man was the mayor's father. And yet—it's peculiar, that's all I can say of it."

"And was the picture that you saw him take really gone the next morning?" asked Bill.

"Yes, That's what makes it so weird. How could a ghost carry off something real?"

"What was it exactly?"

"An old daguerreotype. I had noticed it particularly before going to bed. It was the likeness of a middle-aged woman, rather handsome, but stern-looking. It was black at the bottom, as though stained by some chemical."

Bill jumped to his feet and leaned across the table. "What did you say was the mayor's name?" he said, his voice trembling with suppressed excitement.

"Franceschi," I replied, wondering at Bill's strange manner.

"Franceschi!" he repeated.

"Yes. Do you know him?" I asked.

"No. But you said a moment ago that your story was incomplete, didn't you? Well, I'll complete it, if you like."

"You!" I almost shouted.

"At least I think I can," said Bill.

"But," I gasped, "how do you know-"

"I heard it last summer," Bill interrupted. I was too dumbfounded to speak. Bill, pleased with the effect he had produced, smiled contentedly. "Listen," he said, "can you remember the exact date of this adventure of yours?"

"Yes. I've got it in my diary."

"Was it not the 3rd. of June last?"

"Just a minute!" I opened my diary. To my astonishment it was the 3rd. of June. I looked at Bill inquiringly.

"Sherlock Holmes will now solve the mystery," he declared pompously. "You remember that last year I spent the greater part of the spring and summer in St. Andrew's, New Brunswick; you were still in Italy at the time." Bill became serious again. "Well, after a while I became quite chummy with an old Italian who used to sun himself in the meadow near my cottage. He was the only inmate of the county poor-house close by, and his cheery good nature as well as his loneliness attracted me towards him. He interested me too, for he was well educated and spoke English perfectly. For a long time I wondered why such a clever man as he should have fallen so low. One day he told me the reason. Here is the story in his own words."

"It happened this way, Signor. You know I fought with the Papal Zouaves against the Italians for the freedom of Rome. It was in 1867, and my younger brother and I were stationed together under de la Charette at Mentana. The day before Garibaldi attacked us we foolishly quarreled over a photograph of our mother which I contended belonged to me, but which Giovanni claimed for himself. In the end I allowed him to keep it, but not before some bitter words had passed between us, words which were afterwards remembered by our comrades. The next day we fought the memorable battle of Mentana. The fight had been continued in a desultory manner all day. Towards evening my brother and I were sent forward to reconnoitre a farm-house which occupied a strategical position and was thought to be held by the enemy. I had had some experience of fighting, having been wounded at Castelfidaro, but Giovanni had never seen a battle in his life, and was feeling rather nervous. We advanced to within twenty yards of the house, when a murderous fire was opened upon us from some woods close by. I dropped to the ground and called out to Giovanni to do the same, but he, unnerved perhaps, by the suddenness of the attack, turned—Signor, I hate to say it turned and fled. A bullet struck him down before he had gone many paces. I crawled back and half-dragged, half-carried him to the farm-house which was fortunately unoccupied."

"I signalled to my comrades that the house was vacant, then turned to my brother. The wound was a nasty one, under the left shoulder-blade and near the heart. It was plain to me that he was dying, but he was still conscious. I knelt down beside him and opened up his tunic. As I did so the photograph of my mother fell to the floor into a pool of his blood. Snatching it up quickly I put it into my pocket just as he called to me: "Mario!" I turned to him."

"For God's sake!" he gasped out. "Don't-"

"Seeing he was faint from loss of blood I tried to persuade him not to speak; but the memory of how he was shot down evidently preyed on his mind."

"Don't let them know how it happened," he whispered, "promise me you won't let them know." I soothed him as best I could, but he was not satisfied. "Promise," he pleaded. "For mother's sake—for her sake, promise! If, if she knew, what would she think! Promise me for her sake!" His pleading was pathetic. I looked down at him. He, Giovanni, the youngest of our family, the very idol of my mother's heart, guilty of cowardice! I could have almost hated him for it; yet as I gazed into his face, in those eager,

beseeching eyes, in that mouth quivering with pain, in those delicate features, pale and drawn, I saw my mother's face and my resentment changed to compassion. I reassured him and stayed by him till the day was won and he had been placed in safe hands."

"Days passed by in anxiety for me while Giovanni hovered between life and death. I had refused to say anything about his wound, even to my mother who had come from home to see him. My silence gave rise to suspicion. A soldier is not usually shot in the back when advancing against the enemy: besides, our quarrel and my hasty words were still remembered by many in the regiment. And then, Signor, came the surprise. My brother took a turn for the better and was soon out of danger. I expected him to make a clean breast of it and lift the cloud of suspicion which hung over me. But no: he remained silent. If he had spoken, he would have broken his mother's heart: and so he said nothing. His silence was taken by the regiment as certain proof that their suspicions were well founded—they did not dream for an instant that Giovanni could be a coward—and at last they accused me openly of having shot Giovanni. I was about to deny it hotly, when my mother's face seemed to rise before me, and I hesitated. Could I clear myself and convict her most dearly beloved son of cowardice, prove him a craven unworthy of the family name? Impossible! Better far that I, who was less dear to her, should suffer. and so I held my tongue. What else could I have done?"

"Well, to make a long story short, I was asked to leave the regiment. My father reproached me bitterly for having disgraced the name of Franceschi. Even my mother from whom I had expected some sympathy turned coldly from me. Her love for Giovanni and the thought that I had attempted to take his life hardened her heart against me. I left the country, but not before I had seen Giovanni once more. What passed between us need not be repeated. But before we parted I gave him the photograph still stained with blood, which I had kept ever since he was wounded. He wished me to keep it, but I refused."

"Not until I know that mother has forgiven me will I take it," I said firmly."

"I will send it to you when she does," promised Giovanni, rather shame-facedly."

"With that we parted not without some feeling of pity for him on my part. Since then, Signor, I have never heard from him. I do not even know if he is alive; nor have I any means of knowing whether or not my mother ever found out the truth. Perhaps I shall know some day. As to the rest of my life, that would not interest you, Signor. It is but one long story of failure—the failure of one who was forced to work in a foreign land, an exile from his beloved Italy."

"That was his story, poor old chap!" continued Bill. "Soon after he told it to me he fell seriously ill. I went to see him one evening only to hear that he had just died. The matron of the poor-house said that a few minutes before his death an old man, evidently a foreigner, for she had never seen him in St. Andrew's before or since, came to the door and asked in broken English if he might leave something for the dying man. What he left must have brightened my old friend's last moments, for when I saw him a smile of infinite

peace was on his face, and in his hand he held—"here Bill paused impressively—"a deguerreotype deeply stained at the bottom!"

Bill stopped rather dramatically. His story had set me wondering, thinking of that night in Frassineto, piecing his tale and mine together.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Bill. "Can you write your

story now?"

"I roused myself from my reverie. "I don't know," I rejoined vaguely. "I am afraid I could never do justice to Mario Franceschi's heroism. Moreover, the judges may say the story is hardly plausible. People so very seldom do believe the truth."

"Suit yourself," said Bill; "but you're missing a good chance for that

prize."

"I would rather do that than make a brave man's sacrifice the subject of ridicule."

Bill said nothing.

"By the way how did you know so surely that the night of my adventure

at Frassineto was the 3rd. of June?"

Bill smiled complacently. "Because," he replied slowly, "midnight in Italy would be about six o'clock in the afternoon here, and it was just at that time on the 3rd. of June that Mario Franceschi died."

"CECCHINO," '17.

# THE BROOK

(From the German of Goethe)

Little brooklet swift and bright,
Tripping past in rapid flight,
Tell me here in thought profound,
Whence thou art, and whither bound.

"From a gloomy mountain-bower, Down I slip o'er moss and flower; On my bosom mirrored lie Fleecy cloud and azure sky.

Child-like then and free from care, On I go I know not where; He who pierced the mountain-side, He, I ween, will be my Guide."

GEORGE FAIRFAX.

# · CLASSICAL · EDUCATION ·

The need of a means of education is universally recognized. That man must have some sort of training no one denies. How it shall be done is a matter of some controversy. Which one of all the systems that clamour for recognition is most able to accomplish this end? The mind of the child, fresh and ingenious, pliable and impressionable, unformed, unreasoning, susceptible to almost any formation that may be imposed upon it—this is the subject upon which the educational system, which ever it is, is to expend its energies. It must do its work well. The issue of that work must be a reasoning man, rejoicing in the strength of all the intellectual power of which he is capable. If the mind is dwarfed in its growth, if it is confined to a narrow, uneven, inharmonious development, if by false impressions it is excluded from its natural birthright, in so far is the instrument employed incapable, and must be rejected.

Which system is therefore best adapted to this important task? Is it the natural sciences? Will the mathematics do it? Will the so-called commercial education effect the desired purpose? Or shall we leave the work to the old, well-tried, well-proved but maligned method of the Latin and Greek classics. The classics have won an enviable place, indeed, in the educational world. Tried by the supremest of all tests, that of experience, they have proved their fitness for the task they have undertaken. As we review the work they have accomplished, whole centuries pass before our eyes, crowded with statesmen, orators, great generals, men of literary attainments and noted churchmen, whose names are chiselled forever on the pillars of history. The fame and glory such men have achieved is evident testimony that the classics cannot be charged with incompetency.

Now it is not my intention to examine into the merits or demerits of either the natural sciences or the mathematics or commercial instruction as mind builders. I shall dismiss them with this remark: statistics and the overwhelming testimony of the world's best educationists declare that they have yet to prove their efficiency. Why then should they depose the classics which the same statistics and the same testimony affirm have for centuries been doing satisfactorily the work, which opposing systems claim to have found new but untried methods of accomplishing? On the other hand, what is it that makes the classics so superior to all other systems of education? What power or charm do they possess, that in spite of the bitterest misrepresentation, they have lost none of the prestige which men of sober judgment have always accorded them'? Is it merely conservatism, by which we are loth to accept what is novel although it may be beneficial? Is it obstinacy on the part of those who have made the classics their medium of imparting instruction? Is it lack of sympathy with the progress of the times? Have these enabled the classical system to bear unscathed the attack of its enemies? No. The reason must be sought in the classics themselves. The training they impart is a logical training; it is one that leads to clear and correct thought, sound and

close reasoning. The simple rendering of a sentence from the classics into the vernacular or from the vernacular into the classics involves a whole chain of comparative reasoning, according to the fixed and unchangeable laws of the classic languages. Thus in the first place the classical system affords a most rigorous mental exercise, and that not for a brief period only, but during all the years of the college course.

And what is the result? A firm basis, a solid foundation, upon which any superstructure may afterwards be safely erected. There has been no endeavour to store the mind with facts. One object has ever been kept in view, and that object has been attained. The youthful mind has been systematically and logically educated. And yet incidently, though this was never aimed at, he finds he has acquired a great deal of historical knowledge. He has read, not in translations, which, however faithful, are without the life and vigour of the originals, but he has read, at first hand, the masterpieces of antiquity. He has become conversant with the political and religious customs of the ancients and has seen their influence on modern laws and habits. He has followed them in the avocations of peace, becoming intimate with their greatest statesmen and legislators. He has accompanied their mighty hosts to the field of battle and learned their methods of warfare He has seen the disintegration of old empires, and the evolution of new ones. Kings and dynasties have risen and fallen in endless succession before his eyes. He has studied the bearing of period on period, era on era, and of ancient on modern times. In a word, out of his old classics he has evolved a whole course of comparative history. "Expel Latin and Greek," says Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, "from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors; you will cut off so many centuries from the world's experience and place us in the same state as if the human race first came into existence in the year 1500."

Add to this the literary moment of the classics, daily association with the brightest gems of poetry, eloquence and philosophy, which are not only held up to the student's admiration, but are also proposed to him for careful, painstaking reproduction and imitation. Think what effect such labor must have in shaping his thoughts and raising his ideals. Intimacy with what is noble is always wholesome. When we have had continually before us high and noble thoughts, our minds become unconsciously impregnated with kindred ideas. We behold, as it were, all about us with the eyes of those penetrating observers whose work we contemplate, and our minds, accustomed to think the thoughts of the noblest and brightest intellects, are prepared for the reception and appreciation of all that is noble in art and nature.

Even the student's character is affected for good by such studies. For classical education is essentially a broad education. The lessons of the natural virtues, with which the pages of ancient literature abound, appeal forcibly to the human heart. Man is powerfully drawn by example. Especially is this true in the imitativeness of his youth, and if he is constantly contemplating love of country, filial devotion, fidelity to friends, enthusiasm for beautiful ideals, the effect upon his character can scarcely be overestimated.

But I now come to the consideration of one of the most signal, benefits derived from the study of Latin and Greek. It is one that gives the classics

a marked advantage over every other system, and it is one which, I do not hesitate to say, no other system but the classics is able to impart. It is their unquestionable effect on our own native tongue. Now I do not refer to that whole host of English words that owe their existence to Latin and Greek. Certainly our knowledge of what these words mean will be much assisted by becoming acquainted with the sources whence they issue. A great advantage, certainly, but this is not my argument.

Practically, then, how does the classical scholar daily employ his time? Does his work consist in reading page after page, book after book, of the old Latin and Greek authors, so as to become acquainted with their contents, and throw each book aside after he has read it through? Decidedly not. Such might be the mode of procedure in studying a modern language. It is not the method of the classics. Line after line, word after word, the original must be changed into English. Every translation is a drill in the vernacular. thoughts of master minds, crystalized in two of the most perfect languages that man has invented, musteb produced in pure and precise English. very shade of the author's thoughts must be represented not only elegantly, but also faithfully, in such a way that the writer himself, if English had been his medium of expression, would not have used better or more fitting words. is the idea, and it is the labor to reach this ideal that constitutes as perfect a drill in our mother tongue as could well be devised. Think of the constant ransacking of the mind for expressive words and phrases; how each of them is analyzed, and accepted or rejected according as it renders the Latin or Greek thought in English that is at once pure and precise, brief, clear and forcible.

Is it not significant in this connection that by far the greater number of orators and distinguished writers of England, were also good classical scholars? Pope, Dryden, Milton, and Tennyson in poetry, Burke and Pitt in oratory, and Newman, the literary genius, all valued highly the training they had received, and it is to that training that a great part of their excellencies is to be ascribed.

Opposed to this array of arguments in favour of the classics are many popular errors, some prompted by lack of sufficient knowledge and others, unfortunately, by ignorant prejudice.

We are told that only those should engage in the classics who have a natural aptitude for such studies. Now this objection loses sight of the real object of education on the one hand, and on the other it is open to the charge of saying that the average youth has no faculty whatever developed. For, bear in mind, the classics are to be restricted to the select few. The varied course of a classical curriculum, embracing as it does, languages, mathematics, history and, later on, science and philosophy; all these are not for the average youth, he is unfitted for them, nature has not given him the aptitude. He is therefore unfit to be trained. But, it will be answered, the object of education may be attained by other means. Possibly, but if the average youth has no aptitude for the classical curriculum, he will scarcely find elsewhere a course of studies that will prove congenial to him.

Again it is urged that the classics are behind the times, that they should make way for more practical and up-to-date methods. They may be, it is granted, of some slight value to certain of the professions, but as they do not

provide for the future, they offer no inducement to him who contemplates a business career. On the contrary, they are at present a serious loss of time and may afterwards prove a hindrance rather than a help. Such is the objection prompted by that spirit of commercialism, that is unfortunately the ruling genius of our times. Are culture, refinement and civilization to be made subservient to the amassing of wealth? Is that to be man's highest aim and ideal?

Now, to begin with, there is abundant experience to show that the business man who has received a classical training is far from being at a disadvantage with his rivals in business life. If nature had intended him for a business career, she has given him the mental qualities that make for success in it. The classics have moulded those qualities, they have rounded them off and fashioned them into harmony with his other faculties. They have not killed the seed that nature had planted in his mind, but by their broadening influence, they have prevented it from developing into narrowness, selfishness, or mere commercial cunning. At the same time, he has been taught to reason clearly and unerringly. With a confidence and security, born of long years of mental discipline, he traces his premises to their appointed conclusions. And though he might have succeeded in business without the classics, with them, his business instincts will have been rendered keener, and success will be more assured.

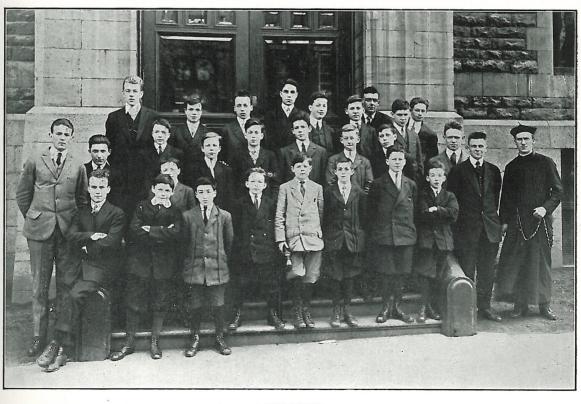
And when the dull routine of the business day is over, he will bring to the family or social circle, that culture and refinement which are at all times the distinguishing trait of the educated man. His conversation, will show breadth of view and soundness of judgment. Nor, if deprived of the company of others, need he ever be altogether alone. Who better than he can appreciate the finest productions of English Literature? Who better than he can linger with infinite relish over these allusions to classic antiquity, with which the best offspring of English thought abounds? He is a man of taste. His thought has been formed by intercourse with the noblest minds of all ages. In the impressionableness and pliability of his youth, he involuntarily caught their general air and manner, and in the rigidity of old age, his heart will warm and soften as he catches again, as if for the first time, the radiation of their fire and splendor.

Let us then, leave the classics in undisputed possession of the educational field. Let us turn a deaf ear to the fanatical advocates of modern utilitarian systems, whose war-cry is the word "practical," and whose only idea of education is to prepare young men to take their chances in the wild scramble for wealth. Let us drive off these marauders of modern progress who prowl about the educational domain, intent only on destruction. Let us not finally be dazzled by the achievements of material science, nor imagine that what may cater to the well-being of our bodies, will also provide substantial food for the development of our minds. However specious be the promises of practical commercial instruction, whatever be the splendors of modern philosophy, this much must be admitted, that they have failed to do what the classics have well done. When they can show us better results and more trustworthy credentials, then, and not till then, should they be granted a hearing.

GERALD C. MURRAY, C.SS.R. B.A., '05.



THE OFFICERS OF THE SODALITY



THE CHOIR

# THE SODALITY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

The first Sodality at Loyola College was organized by the Rev. D. Plante, S.J., under the title of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On December 8th, 1901, was held the first reception of members, and the occasion was honoured by the presence of the Rev. T. Filiatrault, S.J., Superior of the then Canadian Mission of the Society of Jesus and founder of Loyola College.

The aim of the Sodality has ever been to enkindle in the hearts of its student members an enduring love for the Mother of God together with a deep conviction that to her Divine Son she is the most pleasing channel of all His favours. From this there follows a very ready and life-enduring trust in her intercession—a fruit truly worthy of any organization.

Each year from 1901 on, though uneventful, was blessed with increasing membership and advancement in the methods of the society. In 1904 the Sodality of the Holy Angels, which two years previously had been organized from the lower classes by Rev. Father Plante, was dissolved, and those of its members above the Preparatory classes were presented for enrolment in the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. This so increased the weekly attendance, that it was deemed advisable to divide the Sodality into two sections—Day-Scholars and Boarders.

On December 8th, of this same year was celebrated the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. From the Sodality records, as well as from other sources, we learn that this was a great day at Loyola. Not content with an early Mass and General Communion, both Day-Scholars and Boarders assembled again in the afternoon, when a sermon explanatory of the Dogma was preached by the Rev. G. McShane to a very attentive audience. The reception of thirty-nine new members then took place, and was followed by Solemn Benediction. Throughout the years 1905-6-7, though the records keep in the background other proofs of the Sodalists' devotion, there is the happy monotony of an ever-increasing membership and a constant attendance at the meetings.

In 1907 the Sodality, though in no way changing its object, altered its external form. At the suggestion of Rev. Father J. F. Cox, S.J., the usual qualifications for membership were broadened to admit Loyola Old Boys and Catholic graduates of Montreal Schools, while the name 'Sodality' gave way to the title of 'Loyola Union.' The Union flourished for two years, until in 1909, under the direction of Rev. Father M. Fox, S.J., the Sodality returned to its original basis. Father Fox acted as moderator for two years, and the fact that he left the boys with many solid and lasting notions of piety is amply verified by the frequent and striking repetition of his words in the Sodality records for these years.

In 1912, Rev. Father G. Féré, S.J., assumed the direction of the Sodality. The Day-Scholars' meetings were now held on Sunday afternoon instead of Saturday morning at eight o'clock. The older members of the Day-Scholars Section have to their credit the self-abnegation that the early Saturday morning Mass must have exacted of them especially during the winter months. Early in September of the present school year Father Féré left Loyola to take up new duties at Guelph, Ont., and our Rector, Rev. T. J. MacMahon, S.J., took over the guidance of the Sodality.

One more change was the Sodality called upon to undergo, and that in October, 1914, when our Rev. Moderator decided to combine both sections of the Sodality. Put to the members at a special meeting, the measure was approved of, and the following officers were elected:—

Prefect	11- 10	1 -30	y <b>-</b> 3	_	R. W. KRAMER, '15
1st Assistant		Z_ 190	0-0	-	J. D. KEARNEY, '16
2nd Assistant	-	-	- "	KZ W	H. McLaughlin, '17
Secretary -	-	-	-	-	F. C. SMITH, '17
Sacristan -	-	-	-	-	F. Hudon, '18
1st Councillor	-	-	-	-	Е. Снавот, '16
2nd "	-	-	-	-	T. P. DILLON, '15
3rd "	-	-	-	tis	J. E. DUCKETT, '17
4th "	- 15	-	77.	y = 13	G. JOBIN, '15
5th "	101-17	-	-	-	J. J. Ryan, '18
6th "	-	-	-	-	M. Doherty, '19
7th "	-	-	-	-	T. Walsh, '18

This year not only were ways and means of doing good discussed, but in view of the special distress that has been created by the War a generous sum of money was collected and a number of poor families thereby relieved.

With the workings of the Sodality present to our eyes, we are mindful of the gradual good accomplished and grateful for the interest taken in us by our Rev. Moderator as well as for his clear-cut, practical instructions. We also appreciate the kindness of Mr R. Durocher, S.J., in helping us with our singing.

J. EDWARD DUCKETT, '17.

# A MAY DAY EXPERIENCE

The warm rays of the sun were just beginning to dispel the last traces of dampness from the morning air, when Jim Brock, his brother Harold and I started on our walk through Barton Valley to Highlands, five miles away. It was the first of May and nature seemed to have decked herself knowingly for the occasion. The grass on the hillsides was greener, the buds on the trees fuller, the birds livelier in their songs, or so it seemed to us, than they had been yesterday; for May had come at last. What a difference one day can make! Yesterday the air had been fresh and clear, the sky bright and cloudless, yet there had been something missing. What it was we knew not, but to-day we felt it around us, we breathed it in the very air. The indefinable spell of May was upon us and we walked down the hill to the village of Barton with elastic step and light heart. There we struck into the Highlands road shaded by massy elms and winding through the broad valley. The road was soft to our feet and its leafy roof shaded us from the ever growing warmth of the sun. We were trudging along when suddenly Jim voiced the thought that was uppermost in the minds of us all.

"We could not have chosen a more splendid day for our walk than this, could we?" he said. We agreed with him.

"I think May is the nicest month of the year anyhow," was Harold's comment. Don't you think so Frank?" "I don't know," I replied, "every month as it comes around seems to me the most beautiful of the year. That sounds foolish I know," I continued, "but I have always had that feeling. Even November with all its bleakness and raw cutting winds has a solemn dignity that is found in no other month. In February there is nothing I like better than to face a howling blizzard and battle my way along. It gives one somehow a sense of power and manliness thus to conquer the forces of the elements. Every month has its own beauties and defects and I always look at the beauties and forget the defects."

Jim and Harold said nothing; they had listened in silence—not a very respectful one perhaps—for they were used to my "peculiar moods" as they called them, and had recognized one of them in this long harangue.

Farmers in their lumbering wagons passed us on their way to market. We had many a good-natured invitation to "jump in" but we declined them all, preferring to walk. The time passed quickly and before long we were breasting the hill that leads to the quaint town of Highlands perched on the side of Sunrise mountain. Here we separated; each had business of his own to look after, and we arranged to meet at the inn for lunch. After a pleasant meal and one or two visits to friends in the town we started for home again at four o'clock. We had just reached Jameson's brook two miles from home

when we met Al Jackson. There was no mistaking his tall robust figure as he swung along the road towards us. We hailed him with delight, for it was long since we had seen him.

"Well, where are you fellows off to?" he asked in his breezy way. "You have just missed the ball game. The first base-man of the Barton team is sick and I was taking his place. We had quite a good game too." He chatted on in an easy manner. The thought of baseball brought back to me my first memories of Al. We were just youngsters at the time playing a game of ball, when a dispute arose about a hit I had made; begun with words it ended with blows and a free-for-all fight ensued. Jackson, the captain of our team, rushed into the thick of the fray and by his prowess helped us to win the fight even though we had lost the game. Since then I had always liked and admired him. Even yet I could not look on his healthy, manly features and broad shoulders without a sigh of envy and admiration.

We were still talking when the bell of the little Catholic Church not fifty yards ahead of us rang out clear and mellow on the afternoon air. May devotions were just about to begin and the bell was summoning the faithful to pay their homage to the Mother of God.

"Let's go in for a while," suggested Jim. Al hesitated. He had not been very attentive of late to his religion, much to his old school-mates' regret.

"I think I'll be moving along," he said lamely.

"Oh, come on Al! it's not going to hurt you," put in Harold. "We need only stay a few minutes."

"You used to have quite a devotion to the Blessed Virgin when you were at College," I reminded him, "surely you haven't lost it altogether?"

"No," he replied rather shamefacedly. "I'll go in if you like."

We were greatly pleased, for we had often tried to get Al to go to Mass on Sunday and had always failed in our attempts. We entered the dim little church, Al awkward and ill at ease. We pretended not to notice his embarrassment and knelt in the last pew. The Rosary was recited by the priest, the candles were lit for Benediction, their soft glow lighting the altar and throwing the shadows of the aisles into deeper darkness. The choir began the "Cor Jesu Sacratissimum." It was not wonderful singing; it could hardly be called good; and the organ playing was execrable; but there was an honest sincerity in every note, and a simple piety in the outburst of song. Even Al, I think, was moved, for he bowed his head on his hands and remained motionless for the rest of Benediction. I touched him on the arm to let him know we were leaving, but he did not move. I touched him again. Still no answer. I shook him again and he fell limply against the seat.

"Fainted," I whispered to Jim, "the heat of the Church probably." We carried him into the sacristy. There the priest, after a hasty examination rushed to a cupboard and much to our amazement came back with the holy oils. It was evidently something more serious than we imagined. An uneasy feeling came over us and we waited anxiously till the priest had finished.

"What is it, Father?" asked Harold. "Is he very sick?"

"Yes," replied the priest, slowly I am afraid—"

"I'll get the doctor," I interrupted, making for the door.

"Wait!" the priest stopped me. "I am afraid it's too late."

"Too late!" we echoed. Then it dawned on us that Al Jackson was dead. We were rendered speechless by the shock, but the silence was broken by the priest.

"Leave everything to me," he said, "I'll see that his people are notified and everything arranged."

We left the Church unnerved by our experience. The doctor said afterwards that it was a clot of blood on the brain, and that death was instantaneous.

I have often wondered since then what would have happened to Al if we had not met him.

"CECCHINO", '17

#### MAY FANTASY

(An Imitation)

If thou wert but a mortal,
And I were Heaven's Queen,
Thy heart should know such longing,
Such sacred fancies thronging,
As soon should force the portal
That Heaven from earth doth screen;
If thou wert but a mortal,
And I were Heaven's Queen.

If thou wert but a sinner,
And I were Queen of Grace,
I'd shower down such favours,
Such spiritual savours,
That grace o'er sin the winner
Should every stain efface;
If thou wert but a sinner,
And I were Queen of Grace.

Alas! I'm poor and needy,
While thou art Queen of All;
If so I prove no burden,
I fain would crave a guerdon.
Oh! give an answer speedy,
And take me as thy thrall;
Alas! I'm poor and needy,
While thou art Queen of All.

GEORGE FAIRFAX.



# THE LOYOLA LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY, 1914, 1915



It is impossible in giving a resume of the work done during the year by the Loyola Literary and Debating Society to write down all the details of each meeting. The following is but a brief outline of the year's work, intended to give a clear idea of the programme carried out during 1914-1915.

It may be necessary at the beginning to explain a custom which has prevailed in the Society for some years, namely, the privilege granted an opponent of interrupting the speaker at any point in his discourse. The interruption is, of course, formal and is allowed only by leave of the speaker himself. Thus if a man wishes to ask his opponent a question relating to something the latter has just said, he rises to his feet, asks permission through the chair to interrupt, and if his request is granted—it is rare indeed that it is refused—puts the question. His opponent is forced to answer on the spur of the moment, and herein lies the true test of a good debater. A slip of the tongue or a weak argument will often lead the speaker into a tight corner, but if he can acquit himself creditably he shows to better advantage in his impromptu replies than he would in a long speech carefully prepared the week beforehand. It is clear, then, that the object of the interruptions is to develop quick thinking and repartee on the part of the speakers, as well as to give those who interrupt the practice of picking flaws in their opponents' arguments. Besides putting life into the debates these brief and sharp contests afford pleasure and often amusement to the rest of the members.

Under the direction of Mr. J. I. Bergin, S.J., moderator, the first meeting of the year was held on Oct. 4th, 1914, the following officers being elected:—

President - - - - RAYMOND W. KRAMER, '15.
Vice-President - - - JOHN D. KEARNEY, '16.
Secretary - - - FRANCIS C. SMITH, '17.

Councillors - - - - HENRY McLaughlin, '17.

Two weeks later the work of the Society was opened with a debate in which all the members of the Executive, except the Secretary, took part. Its success augured well for the rest of the year. The meetings from now on were held regularly every Sunday, and on the whole were very well attended. The members took an interest in the subjects which were chosen for them and put forth their arguments with vigour and earnestness. Among those which were more warmly debated were many patriotic and political subjects such as: "Resolved—that the Germans have a better chance of winning this war than the Allies," in which the negative won by the close margin of 83 points to 79; and "Resolved—that the present war proves the efficiency of Laurier's naval policy." Such subjects always brought out the fire and energy of the speakers and proved a source of great interest to the members. There were others

which called for study and research on the part of the debaters. "Resolved—that the American revolution was justifiable," was a subject which required a thorough knowledge of that period of history, and those who took part in the debate deserve credit for the able manner in which they handled their subject. Other topics were more familiar such as "Resolved—that professionalism in sport should be abolished." With our best amateur sportsmen upholding the cause of professionalism, the debate was by no means an uninteresting one.

On December 20th we had our first extempore debate. The subject was "the superior efficiency of submarines over aeroplanes," and was debated by the whole house. The fact that everyone was allowed to pass his opinion on the subject and display his powers as an impromptu speaker, created more than ordinary interest.

On February 7th, was held the Anunal Banquet of the Society. The attendance was good, covers being laid for thirty. The aid of musical numbers which were customary in past years was unfortunately lacking, but the excellence of the toasts made up for this deficiency. The allotted time was sufficient for all the speeches to be heard, a thing which in former years had not always been possible. The success of the banquet was due in great measure to the Reverend Father Hingston, S.J., whose kindness we all appreciated. The following is a list of those who proposed and responded to the various toasts:

Toast	Proposer	Responder
"THE KING"	Mr. President	
"CANADA"	C. E. Poirer	H. Doyle
"OUR SOCIETY" (Old and		A T T T T T T T T T T T T T T T T T T T
New members)	J. J. O'Hagan	J. D. King
"OUR MODERATOR"	J. D. Kearney	Mr. J. I. Bergin, S.J.
"THE LADIES"	G. Delisle	E. Chabot
"THE FACULTY"	F. C. Smith	Mr. J. I. Bergin, S.J.
"THE GRADUATING CLASS"	S. McDonald	T. Dillon
"THE COLLEGE" (Old and		
New)	Mr. J. M. Coughlin	J. Gallery
"OUR PRESIDENT"	R. Dooner	R. W. Kramer
"THE UNITED STATES"	F. Bussiere	J. A. Dixon

At our next meeting, a mock trial was introduced. Sunday, February 14th, found our hall changed into a court of justice in which Mr. President occupied the chair as supreme judge, with Messrs. Kearney and McLaughlin as his assistants on the bench. Mr. King was elected clerk of the court. The indictment was read by Mr. Dillon, K.C., counsel for the plaintiff, who pleaded that a certain contract between his client, Mr. John M. Coughlin, and Dr. O'Hagan for the sale of the former's body to be delivered after death was illegal and therefore not binding on the said John M. Coughlin. Mr. Smith, K.C., counsel for the defendant, Dr. O'Hagan, declared the contract was valid and legal and should be recognized by the court.

The witnesses were then examined, chief among whom were Mr. C. E. Poirier, the Notary Public in whose presence the document had been signed, and Messrs. S. McDonald and E. Chabot who were witnesses to the signing.

They agreed that the contract had been legally signed by both parties, but Mr. McDonald asserted that he had signed as witness under compulsion. The gun which Mr. McDonald asserted he had been threatened with by Dr. O'Hagan was produced and identified by the witness. Dr. O'Hagan denied having made use of any implement to coerce Mr. McDonald.

The case then proceeded rapidly. Counsel for the defence produced a receipt for 30 cents, the sum paid by Dr. O'Hagan for Mr. J. M. Coughlin's body. This was recognized as valid by the court, although Mr. Coughlin denied all knowledge of having signed it.

After a few more witnesses had been examined and cross-examined a point of law arose over a certain clause in the contract which read: "I promise to have my body handed over after death, etc." Mr. Dillon stated that in this clause there was an implied condition depending on the free will of the agent, and for that reason alone the contract was invalid. Mr. Smith denied this and the lively discussion that followed was interrupted only by the adjoining of the Court.

Next Sunday the proceedings were resumed with Mr. Kramer and Mr. McLaughlin on the bench, Mr. Kearney, through illness, being unable to attend. The point raised at the last meeting was again warmly debated by both sides until they finally agreed that it should be left to the decision of the judges whether or not in the clause in question there was an implied condition depending on the free will of the agent. Mr. Kelly was then called as a witness for the defence. He gave evidence to the fact that an attempt had been made with malice aforethought on Dr. O'Hagan's life by Messrs. Dillon and Coughlin in concert. Mr. C. E. Poirier, Notary Public, being sworn in as witness declared that as far as he knew no violence had been used to make Mr. McDonald sign the contract as witness, otherwise he, Mr. Poirier, would never have signed the contract himself. As both Mr. McDonald and Mr. Chabot were absent, Mr. Poirier's evidence was taken as sufficient to prove that the document had been legally signed.

After both sides had summed up their respective cases the court gave its decision as follows.

That whereas a receipt had been produced by the defence for the said amount, thirty (30) cents; and whereas it could not be proved that this receipt was forged; and

Whereas the presumption is in favour of the existing state of affairs;

The defence had fulfilled the first part of the contract. And

Whereas the contract had not been proved illegal, and Whereas it had not been proved impossible of execution;

Therefore the said Mr. John M. Coughlin was liable to the costs of the case which amounted to forty-seven dollars and ninety-five cents (\$47.95). The

court was then adjourned.

So far as is known Mr. Coughlin has not yet complied with the judgment of the court.

At the next meeting of the Society, a general debate took place on the question: "Should a literary test, i.e., an elementary knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, be imposed on immigrants to Canada?" The subject was a difficult one to handle without any preparation, but once a few members

had risen to their feet, the arguments were more clearly formulated, and the debate became very forcible and interesting. The decision was in favour of the negative.

The coming of Spring caused a slight falling off in attendance at the meetings. The sunny afternoons proved too great a temptation for some; but everyone was present for the last meeting of the year held on April 18th. Reverend Mr. Moderator opened the programme with a most interesting paper on "The Element of Force in Chatham's Eloquence." A vote of thanks, not alone for the paper, but for his work during the year was moved by the Secretary, seconded by Mr. Vice-President, and enthusiastically applauded by the house. No greater proof of the esteem in which our Moderator is held could have been shown than by that hearty outburst of applause.

The year's work was brought to a close with a vote of thanks to the President, which was moved by Mr. McLaughlin and seconded by Mr. Gallery. Mr. President responded in suitable terms and thanked the members for the interest they had shown in the Society during the year.

F. C. SMITH, '17.

Sec'y.

## THE LEISURE HOUR

CAS

"Labor omnia vincit." Along the uneven roads of many centuries this has been the motto of sensible people. Work is good. Through the obscure valleys of primitive industry, along the rising hills of ingenious invention, in the forest and in the clearing, in the country and in the town, on the sea as well as on land and even in the lofty regions of thin air, experience has proved that work is good not only in itself, but good for man's progress both physical and moral.

When Mr. Toil first made his appearance on earth and asserted himself as the time-proof friend of our first parents, they very probably doubted the genuineness of his friendship; Adam, when he had to bend his back over a primitive spade; and Eve, when she was obliged to set about her unscientific household duties. But as years rolled on into centuries man began to appreciate this steadfast and very exacting friend. He found him a stern master, but one who cannot claim every hour as his own. He began to discover that Mr. Toil was not an absolute monarch. He was introduced to that gentleman's twin-sister. This benign dame is called Leisure. She abides, now in the shade of the green wood, now in the quiet study. She is the welcome friend of the

busy man no less than of the industrious school-boy. She is appreciated by all save those who are ever dodging the company of work. When Mr. Toil, fatigued with long exertion, is resting his weary self upon a half-ploughed furrow or has folded his arms in gentle repose beside a well-worn Greek Grammar, comes this gentle sister of his to soothe with tender touch the tired limbs and fagged brain, bestowing upon her charges new vigour of mind and body against the hour when Mr. Toil will again be on the alert, expecting them to fulfil all his demands.

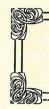
We are all familiar with the proverb: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Jack the boy becomes Jack the man. His nature does not change. A leisure hour, at least once in a while, is necessary for all. For there is a strange pleasure in work which is sprinkled judiciously with moments of relaxation, and without this refreshing interruption, man would end his life before his work.

It is evident that the leisure of the olden days in wealthy Rome and sunny Greece are not compatible, at least for most of us, with the present rush of the world. How the busy man of to-day would stare with wonder, not unmingled, perhaps, with envy, at the picture which Horace gives us of his life in the golden days of the Empire. There is no one to pester him with important engagements; he sleeps soundly through all the fluctuations in the business market. There is no busy office awaiting his daily appearance. At will he can call for his friend Maecenas and go off to attend the races. When he has had a surfeit of Olympic dust, he will bury himself in solitude with his favourite Greek masters or explore the haunts of nature on his little Sabine farm without the shadow of worry to darken his genial mind.

But even Horace's leisure was not unfruitful. His delightful poetry has furnished charming and instructive recreation for the leisure hours of many generations. True leisure is not an unprofitable killing of time. It is not an aimless side-tracking of hard work: for the progress of the world is in a great measure indebted to the Leisure Hour, in as much as poetry and other potent aids to civilization are the outcome of those peaceful moments when a man is left to himself. It is not that the composition of poems is what one not a genius would call unqualified leisure, but where are found the beautiful thoughts, the tender or stirring emotions with which these poems are replete, but in the quiet contemplation of a scene in nature or the silent musing on the problem of life?

Mere idleness is not the leisure that becomes any man who understands the value of time. But there is a leisure hour which does not mean an indifferent sauntering through life when our duties have been performed, but rather a restful form of activity, in which even the hard-working man may reap the fruits of centuries in the treasures of art and literature, improve his mind with the beauty of God's creation, and bring himself to realize that there is something more in life than mere drudgery, that the hard-labour god, Toil, when associated with a little leisure, may even be caught smiling.

REX REGIS.



#### LOYOLA SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

In September, 1913, the LOYOLA SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY was formed among the students of Philosophy. Under the guidance of our Moderator, Rev. Mr. Corcoran, S.J., and our President, Mr. E. Grimes Murphy, gold-medallist '14, many enjoyable field-days were spent in different parts of Montreal Island. During these outings we were able to study geology and botany in a much more interesting and practical manner than was possible in the class-room. This year, however, as our studies did not call for field-work, it was decided that each member should give a lecture on some scientific subject; for the principal object and aim of our society as explained in the constitution is: "To foster a desire for the knowledge of the collateral matter of the science classes, to assist its members in the acquisition of such knowledge, and to afford them opportunities of expressing the results of their research and ob-

With Rev. Mr. Corcoran again as Moderator, we began the year's work by electing Mr. Raymond W. Kramer President and extending the membership of the society to several Loyola Old Boys who still retain an interest in Science. Mr. Gerard Jobin and Mr. J. J. O'Hagan were chosen to fill the offices of Vice-President and Secretary respectively. At no time during the year was there any lack of enthusiasm; the lectures were all carefully prepared, eagerly listened to, and heartily applauded. Great credit is due our Rev. Moderator for the energy and zeal he at all times displayed in the interests of the society, and auguring from such an auspicious beginning, we feel confident in predicting ever-increasing success for future years.

servation in popular papers and illustrated science-talks."

The following is the programme of lectures for 1914-1915:—

February	y 6th	"Perpetual Motion Machines"J. M. Coughlin, '16
"	13th	"The Gramaphone" J. D. King, '16
"	20th	"Radio-Activity on Plant Growth"T. P. Dillon, '15
"	27th	"Water-Wheels and Turbines"
March	6th	"Submarines"
"	13th	"Fluorescence and Phosphorescence"J. D. Kearney, '16
"	20th	"Artillery: Big Guns"G. Jobin, '15
"	27th	"The Telephone"J. J. O'Hagan, '15
April	10th	"Color Photography"E. Chabot, '16
"	17th	"Photo-Telegraphy"S. McDonald, '16
May	1st	"Submarine Mines"
"	8th	"High Frequency"

# COLLEGE STAFF NINETEENTH ACADEMICAL YEAR

1914-1915

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REV. THOMAS J. MACMAHON, S.J., Rector and Bursar.

REV. MOSES C. MALONE, S.J., Prefect of Studies and Discipline.

REV. WILLIAM H. HINGSTON, S.J., Mental and Moral Philosophy.

MR. JOSEPH A. CORCORAN, S.J., Higher Mathematics—Sciences.

REV. JOSEPH McCARTHY, S.J., Rhetoric.

Mr. JOSEPH I. BERGIN, S.J., Humanities-Librarian.

MR. WALTER S .McManus, S.J., First Grammar.

MR. JOSEPH KEATING, S.J., Second Grammar.

MR. GEORGE F. BRADLEY, S.J., Third Grammar "A."

MR. FRANCIS J. DOWNES, S.J., Third Grammar "B."

MR. D. FRANCIS McDonald, S.J., Latin Rudiments "A."

MR. LEO P. BRADLEY, Latin Rudiments "B."

MR. FRANCIS R. BURKE, Preparatory I—Mathematics.

MR. WALTER S. GAYNOR, Preparatory II.

MR. JOHN H. KEENAN, S.J., Prefect—French.

MR. ROMULUS DUROCHER, S.J., Prefect—French—Choir-Master.

MR. PIUS J. McLELLAN, S.J., Prefect.

REV. BRO. JOHN CLANCY, S.J., Assistant Bursar.

PROF. WALTER V. HOLT, Elocution.

Mr. Eugene Chartier, Music.

Mr. N. EICHORN, Music.

J. G. McCarthy, Esq., M.D.,—College Physician.

J. L. D. MASON, Esq., M.D.,—College Physician.



### OUR REVIEW



At last a long felt want has been supplied and the dreams and hopes of many old Loyola students have been realized. For several years a College magazine has been the object, not only of ideas and desires, but even of efforts. Prominent among these attempts was the gallant try put forward by the class of '12, which published the "Loyola Forum." This journal fulfilled its mission and accomplished the end in view at the time. It had as associate editors some of Loyola's most talented students. Foremost among them was the late and lamented Charles Smith, whose literary ability was of a high order and would have done honour to a more pretentious publication. The drawings were executed by a now promising Canadian artist, Mr. John Johnstone, who has lately taken honours at Paris and whose work was on exhibition in the recent Canadian Art Exhibition.

This paper was all that could be expected under the trying circumstances of its birth, not least among which was the lack of funds. These enterprising students were forced to make use of the duplicator instead of the printing press. Several editions were thus published and circulated for the benefit and pleasure of all. The "Loyola Forum" was short-lived, but it left behind the remembrance of a noble effort which might incite others to similar endeavours.

Since that time no real trial has been made. Several classes have had private journals, papers and diaries. These were not of general interest to all the students, but they indicated the desire for a regular College magazine.

The reasons for, and the benefits to be derived from, such a publication are no less weighty than numerous. Space bids me be brief. Suffice it to say that besides engendering and cultivating a good College spirit and love for one's Alma Mater, the College journal serves as a link to unite the students of former days with those of the present. It stimulates old students to interest themselves in the success and development of their College. Moreover, it begets and fosters a keen spirit of emulation among the boys both in the classroom and on the campus. It may even be said that many of our best journalists and writers of the past, as well as of the present, began their literary careers by contributing to the columns of a College paper.

It is clear, then, that the need and benefit of our "REVIEW" cannot be overestimated. While wishing it every success, we express the hope that at some future date we may have the pleasure of seeing it develop into a College Quarterly.



### THE GRADUATES OF 1915



#### Thomas P. Dillon

When Thomas P. Dillon first came to Loyola he entered the class of Latin Rudiments. After two months, however, he was promoted to Third Grammar. He has always been remarkable for his thoroughness and cool determination. These characteristics have been particularly conspicious during his two years of Philosophy. He never took an active part in sport, but we could always count on his encouragement and unfailing interest. He leaves us to enter the Law Course of McGill. We all hope that the same qualities of mind and character to which his success at Loyola is due will ensure him a brilliant career in his future studies.

R. COUGHLIN, '16

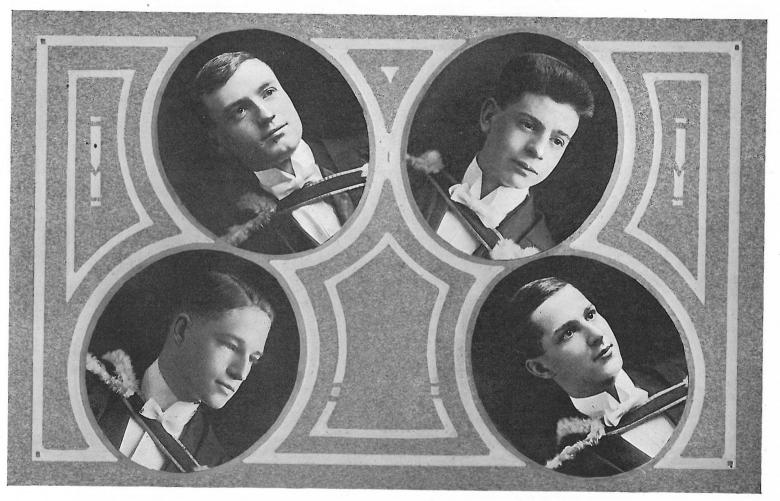
As the hour of departure from College draws nearer and nearer, a strain of sadness mingles itself with the Graduate's joy; for he realizes that, in leaving his Alma Mater, he says farewell to those who during a number of years have spent themselves generously in his regard. To express his feelings of gratitude and appreciation to these, his great benefactors, words are vain and useless. Suffice it to say, that once launched upon the sea of destiny he will strive in his every action and undertaking to put into practice the solid Christian and Catholic principles that have been instilled into him during his College years, so that at all times he may reflect credit on the training he has received.

THOMAS P. DILLON, '15.



#### Gerard Jobin

There is no need for me to elaborate a long article on the character of Gerard Jobin. His personality will speak for itself more clearly than any words of mine. Those who are acquainted with him know how quiet and unassuming he is. In fact, some have even gone to far as to say, like the Irishman, that he is quieter than any two boys in the College put together. His modesty is not due however, to any timidity—Jerry is by no means bashful—but rather to his serious cast of mind and befitting sense of dignity. "Still waters run deep" is a proverb that has often been quoted of him, for some seem to think that under his quiet exterior there lies a lurking spirit of mischief that will one day find an outlet. That may be; but so far as I know, and I have known Jobin since first he went to school, it has never shown itself. He has always been the same serious youth, pursuing the even tenor of his ways," taking life as it comes to him, with a quiet but keen sense of humour. He is a true philosopher every inch of him. If he be as well liked in the world as



RAYMOND W. KRAMER, B.A. (Medallist)

GERARD JOBIN, B.A.

he has been at College—there is no reason, as far as I can see, to suppose the contrary—success should attend him. Whatever profession or business he takes up, we sincerely hope that Dame Fortune will smile complacently upon him. Now that he is leaving us we regret his departure, but we do not wish to be selfish and keep him for ourselves, when we know that the world will be benefitted by his presence.

F. C. SMITH. '17

The first chapter in the story of Loyola is about to end. Next year will see our dear Alma Mater entering upon a new era of fame and prosperity. This makes us older boys, who are now at the end of our College Course, feel still prouder of being her sons, and will be an additional incentive for you, who remain, to love and honour Loyola.

GERARD JOBIN, '15.

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#### Raymond W. Kramer

From Latin Rudiments to the Graduating Class in five years is the grand and spectacular record of Raymond W. Kramer, President of the L.C.A.A.A., Prefect of the Sodality, President of the Literary and Debating Society, Vice-President of St. John Berchmans' Altar Society and Head Librarian.

In every class from beginning to end he has always been among the leaders, and has taken honours in every examination. An ordinary person would be satisfied with having acquired such fame as a scholar. Kramer, however, is not absorbed in his studies. He is the star of the base-ball team, the moving spirit in basket-ball, and displays remarkable skill in tennis. For the past four years he has been our best billiard player; in hockey he is one of the mainstays of the defence. He is, moreover, a good musician, and has been orgainst for the past two years.

His popularity is undoubted, and there is no one either of the faculty or of the student body, but speaks warmly of his character and accomplishments. In losing him the students lose one who has laboured untiringly to promote everything that is best in college life, who has ever shown himself a true gentleman and a good fellow at all times.

We wish him all success and are sure that he will shed new lustre on our beloved Alma Mater.

H. McLaughlin, '17.

To those with whom I have been in daily companionship for the past five years and who have become like brothers to me; to those who have devoted themselves heart and soul to my welfare, correcting my faults and forming my character with patience and kindness; to that Alma Mater whose influence will always direct the footsteps of her sons and in the days to come will ever hold the place of honour in our grateful hearts; I wish prosperity and say farewell.

RAYMOND W. KRAMER, '15.

#### Joseph J. O'Hagan

After spending a few months at an elementary school, Joseph J. O'Hagan entered the lowest Preparatory class of the college, and has advanced steadily from year to year, becoming always more popular with the boys. He is a consistent and hard-working student. He has always found time, however, to take an active interest in everyting connected with the college. In the class hockey league he was a sturdy supporter of Philosophy and contributed to the success of his class by playing a strenuous game either in goals or on the forward line. In the mile run on the Field-Day he secured third place. As Secretary of the Science Society he displayed energy and enthusiasm. One of the traits most characteristic of him, and by no means the least pleasing, is his constant cheerfulness.

He intends to study Medicine at McGill. He has the hearty good wishes of his many friends in the college that his course at the University may be crowned with success.

J. M. COUGHLIN, '16.

Although I have always looked forward eagerly to the day when I should have completed my College Course, it is only now that I fully realize what close ties of friendship exist between the student and his Alma Mater. It is not to be wondered at, that I feel some touch of sorrow in leaving a College where I have spent ten long, happy years and in bidding farewell to those who have done their utmost to render me physically, morally and intellectually fit to fight my way in the world.

JOSEPH J. O'HAGAN, '15.



# , FIFTEEN, YEARS, AFTER,

On one of our many quaint and quiet side streets a glaring sign "ABDUL SAHIB, KING OF INDIAN SPIRITISTS" can be seen overhanging a low cottage. It was a dreary winter afternoon as I chanced to pass along this way, and driven by curiosity I determined to test his marvellous knowledge of the future. A tall, bronze-complexioned individual greeted me with an unintelligible phrase. The room was small, the darkness but partially dispelled by the subdued light from a hanging lamp, and the pleasant aromatic odor was in accord with the general Oriental setting. I managed to tell him that it was my desire to see a phase of my life fifteen years hence. A gleam of satisfaction immediately spread over his face. After I had paid him his fee, which was by no means inconsiderable, he began his mystifying operations. Drawing aside a silken curtain, he revealed a fantastically carved chest which contained a large number of phials. Selecting one of these he shook a few grains of a whitish powder into a tiny silver cup and added a red liquid from a decanter. He made a sign that I should drink it. After I had swallowed the mixture a numbness crept over me, and even as I lay down on the couch my mind became a blank.

Then all was hustle and bustle. Messenger boys hurried to and fro; men of all classes thronged the street, some shouting for joy in their sudden good fortune, others stricken with grief refused even to bemoan their losses, and occasional twitch in their glassy stare the sole indication of their mental state. Wall Street was in a panic. An unexpected upheaval had occurred and the speculators were feeling its first effects.

As I was carefully threading my way through this Babel, my progress was suddenly checked and I was violently thrown to the ground. Bruised and bewildered I picked myself up, righted my hat and searched for the author of this sudden violence. There he lay a few feet away, sprawing on the pavement and still nursing his head. He was a short and plump individual. Seeing that the advantage both morally and physically was in my favour, I immediately began to empty my feelings of contempt upon him. He rose slowly and painfully to his feet, apologized, and offered me a cigar. Somewhat astonished I accepted it, and it was only when the stranger's face lighted up with a broad smile that I recognized Joe O'Hagan, hidden, as he was, under the crop of a long, curling moustache. A multi-millionaire was he and as fine a fellow as you would care to meet. His clever and successful speculations during the past two years had earned for him the title, "King of Wall Street," and had culminated in to-day's victory, when he had out-generaled and defeated the powerful and unpopular Standard Ice Trust.

Emerging from this turmoil we started for his home, which he said was but three blocks away. As we were crossing the street, I have a faint recollec-

tion that he yelled a warning. Immediately I looked round, but even as I looked, some huge object struck me.

When I next opened my eyes, it was in a bright, airy room. A tall, fair-haired individual was cleaning his medical jigs and saws. Every now and then he would nervously glance at me, and with long skinny fingers twitch his hair. He looked familiar, but my mind was at present too inactive to determine who he was. At this moment, however, O'Hagan entered and asked:

"Well, Skinny, nothing serious, I hope?"

It was then I recognized Raymond Kramer. So well had the great surgeon operated on me, that within ten minutes after the operation I was sitting up in bed chatting with my two friends about old times. Kramer had completed a brilliant course at McGill, and his fame now extended from St. Jerome all the way to Cape Horn. The conversation soon turned on the Graduating Class of '15.

"What has become of Gerard Jobin and Tom Dillon?" I asked.

"They are also in the City," answered O'Hagan, "and know that you are here. I expect them at any moment."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the door flew open, and in rushed Dillon arm in arm with Jobin A small urchin followed carrying two large paper boxes. Had it not been for the timely intervention of Doctor Kramer, who entreated his old comrades not to smother what life was left in me, I verily believe their affection would have proved my undoing.

In one of the boxes were flowers and candies, a present from Tom which I gracefully accepted, and in the other a pair of silk pyjamas which old Jobin, now President of the Anglo-American Silk Co., had thought would please me. My friend Dillon, the greatest lawyer on the Continent, vowed vengeance on the careless chauffeur, who had run me down, and began cross-questioning me as to the circumstances of the accident; whether at the time I was walking straight or not, on my feet or on my head, etc. A plan was soon formulated whereby I was to get ten thousand dollars for damages and he was to get ninetenths of it as lawyer's fee.

A hand touched me lightly on the shoulder and a pleasant voice said:

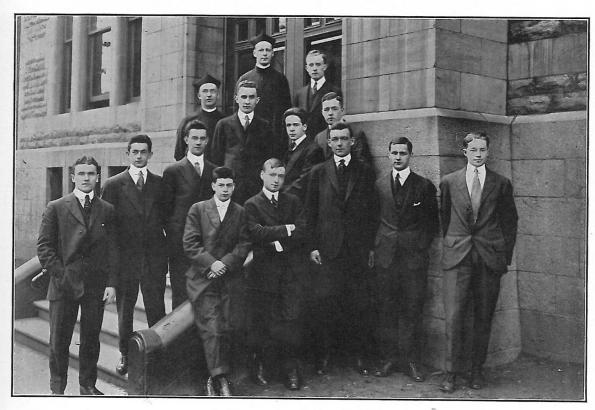
"Ten dollars, more future!"

I jumped up with a start. It was the same dark room with the Indian seer in a posture of deep obeisance before me. I searched my pockets to ascertain really how much I could afford to spend on this costly amusement, but discovering my incapacity for any further enjoyment, I took my leave. I felt quite dazed and shaken by my experiment, and tears of mingled emotions rolled down my cheeks. As I walked along unsteadily, I recalled the good advice of old Horace:

"Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere."



THE EXECUTIVE OF THE LOYOLA LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY



PHILOSOPHY

### THE JUNIORS

#### By A Senior

#### E. Chabot.

A pleasant, agreeable nature; fond of having his own little side-show in class; good in each subject as it comes along without doing an over amount of work; sharp in detecting a flaw in an argument.

#### J. M. Coughlin

A studious youth, always up-to-date in his notes on class matters; never allows a difficulty to pass him by, and is not satisfied till the explanations given fully convince him; has a sense of humour and is capable of making a witty remark.

#### R. Coughlin.

A bright, cheerful temperament, ever ready to spring a joke or to laugh at one sprung by another; never at a loss for an answer, especially in scientific matters, though these answers would not always admit of the closest inspection; inclined to do a fair amount of work.

#### A. Dunn.

Quiet and composed in class. Not inclined to worry about his studies, nor about the time that class begins, either in the forenoon or afternoon.

#### J. D. Kearney.

An industrious and steady worker; anxious to succeed and persistent in the pursuit of whatever he undertakes; possessed of a grave propensity to sleep late in the mornings and not easily excited.

#### J. D. King.

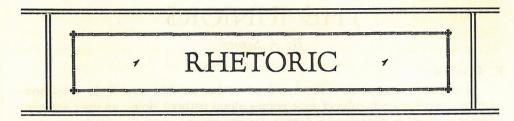
A steady though rather nervous worker, showing special liking for the study of sciences; ready and obliging whenever an occasion for service presents itself, especially if the work to be done is connected with electricity.

#### S. McDonald.

A happy, contented student, who is not prone to overwork himself; shows, however, signs of effort in fits and starts; appears interested in matters that are being discussed in the classroom, especially if they happen to touch upon sporting events.

#### C. E. Poirier.

An all round good student, who is inclined to take things in an easy-going manner rather than excite himself about them; capable of seeing the wit of a remark and generally able to retaliate if the joke is on himself. Owing to his height he is frequently called upon to open the transom and do other little services of a like exalted nature.



O Reader, do you know them? Have you seen them? Have you heard of them? To whom am I referring, do you ask? Why, to those twelve Rhetoricians of 1915. We are a happy twelve, but "O Di Immortales!" how unlike! how peculiar! and what stories we could tell! and what secrets we could divulge! But pity and mercy restrain us. We shall unfold merely the peculiarities of each and the whys and wherefores of his fame in the College, and part of his notoriety.

First, there is our tall, hard-working philosophical sage, Frank Smith. He is a man of lofty intelligence; he speaks Latin, thinks in Greek, does everything mathematically and has a Ciceronian flow of language. But be not deceived; we know him and we assure you that beneath his wisdom and sedateness there lies a cheerful nature, a spirit by no means averse to its little jokes, fancies and frivolities.

You may not know Harold Mortimer Doyle, but you are certainly well acquainted with "B—B—." His many occupations allow him but little time for recreation, and his occupation and recreation allow him but very little time for work. He does not talk, he overflows; he does not discuss, he revels in heated argumentation.

And now behold our little friend Eugene Arthur Audet. "Que c'est bon le tabac!" he will say, and "Poof! How I hate those Greek and Latin fellows!" His books and his pipe are his best companions. Still he has learned how to make himself the friend of all.

Francis Bussiere is prim and sedate, and poetic in voice and movement. He favours English a l'Anglaise, and manner a la Parisienne. But, oh Francis, have pity on Shakespeare. That last composition of thine must have worried him. And again what groans thy humourous outbursts must draw from the hearts of wits!

Just listen to him! Can't he talk? Well, he is Henry McLaughlin, and he is remarkable for many other things besides talking. His temperament is of the real good old kind and his smile and cheerfulness are such that for years we have called him "Happy."

It is useless to speak of John O'Neill Gallery. You have at least heard his name. He is the tall, long-striding, ruddy young man who burns up the cinder-track, gridiron and ice with his speed.

Archimedes! Archimedes! he lives, aye! he does, for Jack Cuddy is in our class, and he is very much alive. He breathes parallelepipedons, exhales icosohedrons, and even drives his racing car by right, obtuse and acute angles.

Have you heard of the stupendous, original, mathematical genius, Thomas Augustus Bracken? He is the little man with the big voice, and we have rarely found so much noise is such a small space. We love our Tommy and we fear that his little self will perish, not through work, but through smoke.

Imagine, if you can, a fiery, witty, demonstrative Scotchman of tender age but of manly intentions and disposition, and you have Francis McGillis, otherwise known as "Giggi." Being young, his occasional foolishness is excusable, and we all like him in a paternal way.

Again imagine the suavity and gentility of a Parisian, the proportions of a Grecian athlete, a prehistoric smile, a Platonic intelligence, a tennis ability admitting no superiors, the aloofness of an Old World aristocrat, all united in one person, and there stands out before you our excellent friend Maurice Versailles.

And now comes "Pa." Father Richard Dooner's chief assets are a love of argumentation, an ever ready kindness, an inflexible determintaion, and a powerful frame. We call him "Pa" because he seems so paternal, but he is one of us for all that.

Then there is Edward Duckett, a most serious youth, but one who can always see a joke, especially if it is against himself. He is a hard worker, very persevering and admittedly handsome. No problem, however difficult, no Latin or Greek passage however complicated, ever daunts him. He shines as an essayist and is an able speaker. He upholds the honour of Rhetoric on the track as well as in the classroom.

Enough! I hear you cry. Well, we have finished, and if you should meet us, see if your impressions coincide with ours.

"Who Knows"

#### LIFE OF HORACE

There was an old poet named Flaccus
Who was very devoted to Bacchus;
He loved his Sabine
And his old Massic wine,
And left poems behind him to rack us.

## MEMORIES , OF , ROME

We had crossed the Tiber and started in the direction of the Cathedral, passing on our way the Castel Sant' Angelo with its bronze statue of St. Peter dully reflecting the afternoon sun. Along the narrow Borgo Nuovo we went until we came into the Piazza di San Pietro, and the enormous edifice, the largest church in Christendom and the centre of the Catholic world, came into view. From where we were, St. Peter's looked no bigger than our own St. James' in Montreal. As we crossed the square, however, we realized the immense distance that separated us from that tall portico. Then it was that some faint idea of the vastness of St. Peter's penetrated our minds.

I say some faint idea, for there is no human mind, I verily believe, no matter how comprehensive, that is capable of grasping at first sight the grandeur of the edifice. It needs more than one visit to realize how many tons upon tons of stone are piled so high in the perfect harmony of one majestic whole; to understand how the colonnades with their rows of pillars, four deep, have been so mathematically placed, that at one point those four rows on either side seem but as one. It needs more than one visit to form an idea of the enormous dimensions of the interior, of the height of the domed ceiling with its inscription of gigantic letters which, when seen from below, appear less than a quarter of their actual size. Yet it was not so much the immensity as the wonderful symmetry of the interior that impressed me. It is this harmony of proportion which prevents one from at once appreciating the vastness of the structure.

We were fortunate in being able to arrange an audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius X. We were received on the Monday of Holy Week. I remember vividly our drive to the Vatican, the ceremony of passing the Swiss Guard and presenting our card of invitation to the Pope's Chamberlain; I can recall to mind the suites of rooms through which we passed, the crowds assembled to see the Holy Father, the brilliant uniforms of his guards and attendants; but how can I describe my feelings when I saw him enter the room? The Pope, the Head of the Catholic Church, the father of children the world over, to whom my poor insignificant self was just as dear as the noblest scion of any Catholic royalty on Europe. His face was white with the transparent whiteness of marble; whiter even than the spotless robes he wore. Worry as well as sickness had left its mark on his furrowed countenance, and even the smile, which used so often to light up his face, was absent. But the sad look in those dark brown eyes bespoke a kindness which no smile could express, and the calm dignity of that austere face hid a mildness which could only be surpassed by that of his Master. No wonder that at the sight of him marks of strong emotion were visible in all! No wonder that I felt rising within me the longing to shield this man from all trouble and anxiety; to give up all I had, even life itself, to ward off all harm from his head; to free him, if I could, from his voluntary imprisonment; to proclaim to all the world that he, and he alone, was the true keeper of the true Faith. What a vain wish it was, yet how natural! There was not another man in the room, I am sure, who did not feel the same. The remembrance of those few moments spent in his presence will always be cherished by me as the most valuable treasure in the store-house of my memory.

We attended the Holy Week services at St. Peter's. The office of Tenebrae was magnificently chanted by Perosi's choir, while the Mass of the Presanctified was sung by the choir of the Sistine Chapel. The volume of sound travelling through the immense nave and resounding through the lofty dome could not but impress even the most unemotional. It was a glorious Easter morning when we entered the Cathedral for High Mass. We pushed our way through the crowd to our places. The Mass was sung by the Pope, who in his white vestments looked more fragile and delicate than ever. When the loud exultant Gloria in excelsis Deo rang through the church, my heart leaped within me; when the joyous Hosanna was flung over the heads of the multitude of worshippers, how I gloried in the thought that I was a Catholic! All the slurs and veiled insults which I had heard or should possibly hear again against the Church could not disturb that feeling of security which permeated my being. No matter where I turned, everything that met my gaze seemed to proclaim the immortality of the one true Church.

As I crossed the piazza after the ceremony, I beheld in those immense fountains, which have never ceased to flow since first they were built three hundred years ago, a striking symbol of the undying glory of the Church. Passing under the shadow of the towering obelisk, the only monument of its kind in Rome which has never been overthrown, I felt as if I were under the protection of that eternal Mother whose throne I was just leaving. I came to the end of the square and looked back once more—back at those stately pillars, that solemn dome, those sweeping colonnades; waited until every detail was imprinted indelibly in my memory; then with a sigh I turned and left. With that one last glance my visit to Rome was ended, and I felt that no more fitting impression of the Eternal City could remain in my mind than that majestic monument of Catholicity, that centre upon which converges the whole Catholic world.

Francis C. Smith, '17



#### THE BALLAD OF LAZY AUGUSTUS PAUL

Oh gather round me students all
And listen to my song
About a youth, Augustus Paul,
Who never worked from Spring to Fall,
But idled all day long!

So weary was this youth indeed
'Twas all that he could do
To eat three meals a day. His need
For sleep was ne'er appeased. And heed
How fate did him undo.

He falling ill one winter's day
Was forced in bed to lie;
His pain too idle to allay
He slowly had to waste away—
Too lazy e'en to die.

And still in bed is he confined
Where, tho' near his last breath,
He cannot quite make up his mind
Nor energy enough can find
To pass the gates of death.

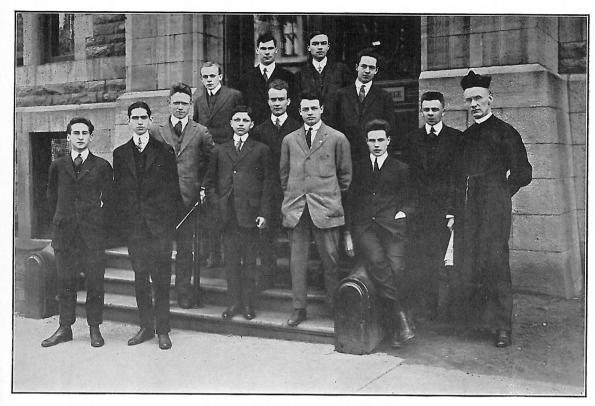
FRANCIS C. SMITH, '17.

#### A FRIEND FOR AYE

The path of life is lonely; yet our tears
Fall not so hotly, as our way we wend,
If there be nigh but one unchanging friend
Whose reassuring voice can reach our ears;
One mind that has o'ercome our very fears,
Endured the griefs that on our march attend;
One soul that knows with love's sweet balm to blend
The sorrows that accumulate with years.

If, seeking such, thou hast not found, behold!
The bleeding Heart of Jesus waits for thee;
If friends are fickle or grown strangely cold,
Lift up thine eyes and feel His sympathy.
He knows all anguish; and to Him once told
Thy burdens shall be light exceedingly.

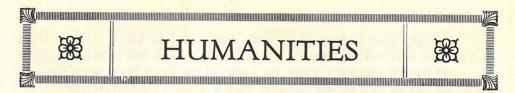
REX REGIS.



RHETORIC



HUMANITIES



When September came, there arose the question: "Where are we going to find a class-room for Humanities?" From Philosophy to II Preparatory, every class, except that of '18, had been accommodated, and the rumour quickly spread that Humanities was left out in the cold. It was the general opinion, however, that this dozen Freshmen were in no need of any prolonged cooling-process, seeing that already they did full justice to their newly-acquired title. Hence, earnest endeavours to house them were made by the authorities; and suggestions from the twelve were not wanting. Kelly, Walsh and Clement unanimously proposed the refectory. Their idea was the saving of energy. Ryan said that for his part he was willing to put up with the furnace-room provided there was no danger of smoke. Dixon had not as yet put in his appearance after the holidays, but wrote to suggest starting a correspondence-school as something more in his line. DeLisle hustled in on time one morning with a night-school proposition. No one took him seriously, but there is still a good deal of conjecture as to how he was going to satisfy all parties.

At last, the problem was solved and we were comfortably installed in the Students' Library. Seated in high-backed chairs around baize-covered tables, we had a somewhat academic appearance; at least we felt we had, for

There was Joe Ryan, the stalwart,
And Hudon, the spare;
Kelly from Carillon,
Dixon, the fair;
DeLisle, the ambassador,
Walsh, the serene;
LaFontaine, the thinker,
Clement from Lachine;
O'Kane, voice of thunder,
Desbarats, the child;
Roy Dillon, boy-wonder,
And Sutcliffe, the wild.

Ryan, as aide-de-camp to the Professor, is always suggesting a complete perusal of the works of Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Livy, Chrysostom and Homer. He is abetted in this by Hudon, who himself has a craze for memorizing any author he can lay his hands on. Dixon, Kelly, Hudon, Walsh and Ryan are Boarders, and as such have the idea that they set an edifying example of diligence to the rest of us. They have never seen O'Kane's bill for midnight oil.

One May morning I noticed Ryan was very pale. When I asked him the cause of his haggard appearance, he took me aside and told me the following story. I don't remember his exact words, but all the details of his adventure are deeply imprinted in my memory. I shall set them forth under the title of

#### "Joe and the Oracle"

One night after a hard day's work and a deal of worry over questions he had long been asking himself, Ryan fell into a deep and troubled slumber. He found himself wandering along the banks of the River Styx, when suddenly some one tapped him on the shoulder with a wand. He turned quickly, and there stood Mercury holding in his hand his "virga horrida," the "horrid maiden" of LaFontaine's visions. He told Ryan he looked exceedingly worried and offered to conduct him to Apollo's Oracle which had long since been transferred from Delphi to a charming spot in Hades.

At first Joe was afraid. He recalled the deadly woes that this god had sent upon the Achaians, and great in his heart was the dread of the Far-Darter. Mercury reassured him by saying that Apollo could have no cause of resentment at his intrusion, for Joe had always been a good boy, and that the god was only too glad of an opportunity of displaying his profound wisdom. Ryan yielded to these arguments and, throwing out his chest, agreed to accompany the Winged Son of Maia.

Mercury then shouted for Charon; whereupon the old man appeared with his leaky ferry-boat and soon landed them at the shrine on the opposite bank. As Joe was not a regular shade, Charon did not ask for the usual obol, but gracefully accepted a package of cigarettes.

Before the oracle hung a curtain on which were painted the wonderful feats Apollo had performed in classic times. Mercury spoke a few words in Greek and a voice from within replied; but as the dialect was neither Attic nor Epic, the Freshman was somewhat at a loss. Being assured, however, that Apollo was ready to listen to his questions and would speak when he had heard them all, Ryan marshalled all his elocutionary powers and asked: "When is the plural of sheep "sheeps?"

When will Fred Hudon forget to go for the evening papers?

When will Kelly realize that, owing to over-work, he is all run-down?

When will Gaston's oratory be fully appreciated?

When will O'Kane's voice be as eagerly listened to as that of Caruso?

When will Desbarats' essay "The Prophetic Dream" ever come to light?

When will Clement be able to say: 'When I WAS a boy'?

When will Dixon run short of excuses?

When will LaFontaine solve the labour question?

When will some kind soul offer to listen to Dillon's lecture on Gasoline?

When will Sutcliffe smile at Duncan's wit?

When will Walsh be able to say with Horace: 'Sublimi feriam sidera vertice? When will the Class of '18 realize that even in poetry there is room for beauty and sense?

When will the Professor forget to ask the memory-lesson?"

When these questions had been asked, the curtain parted, and Apollo, his gleaming shoulders wrapped in a cloud, stepped from his lofty throne. And he came down like unto night. He wore a puzzled look and he sighed a despondent sigh. He opened his prophetic lips to speak, and laid a heavy hand on Ryan's shoulder.

"O youth," he replied evasively, as is the way with oracles, "profound indeed are thy questionings; but the answer to them all is the answer to the query I propose unto thee: When will Burrows Kelly be up on time in the mornings?"

Ryan felt himself violently shaken by the awful hand. As he opened his eyes with a start, the dormitory prefect said: "You're late for once, Joe, but as for Kelly there—Wake up, Burrows!—he NEVER will get up on time in the mornings."

"MARCELLUS."

#### THE FATE OF A FRESHMAN

A boy of the Class of '18
Sate him down in a fit of chagrin.
Said he: "Now in Greek
I am frightfully weak;
So it's useless to try this unseen."

This same lad was doing a sum;
And he said: "It is certainly rum;
I have worked hard and long
But my answer is wrong;
So I'll rest till the June exams. come."

Then he turned to his precepts of style,
And he growled with a cynical smile:
"I would rather than these
Take a course in Chinese,
And really now is it worth while?"

He next took up Horace, the poet;
But said: "I have no room to stow it;
These odes are no fun,
But if asked number one,
I may possibly happen to know it."

He opened Boileau with a wrench,
And exclaimed: "What is life in a trench
To the accent aigu
And the sound of e-u
And the whole silly rattle of French!"

So day in and day out he was seen
With a smile that was gay and serene;
When the June exams. came,
Oh! to think of his shame!
He had dropped from the Class of '18.

"MARCELLUS."

#### AD MUSAM

Sing not, my Muse, of heroes bold, As Homer's muse has done, Who boastfully their stories told Of battles won;

Who climbed Olympus in their sleep With Hearts athirst for fame; Nor feared to tempt the sounding deep To earn a name.

But sing those sons of Belgium brave, Who nobly took the field, And cheerfully their life-blood gave Their hearths to shield.

Who fought for honour undefiled, For their beloved ones died, For mother, sister, wife and child, Their country's pride.

J. J. RYAN, '18.

#### FIRST GRAMMAR

On September 3rd our little band mustered. In the opening address we were made to understand the object of this crowning year of the High School Course. The stern and uncompromising grammarians were to awaken in our minds the latent germs of logic; Maro and his fellows would force to maturity the bursting buds of fancy and imagination; while Chrysostom and Cicero would teach us to lisp in the language of oratory.

The Annual Field-Day came along and interrupted our work. It has been duly recorded that Cyrus ventured to assert that the day was a "trying" one for First Grammar, although we did manage to carry off the Junior Relay Cup. Even conservative little Eddie now admits that Kelly's brilliant finish

was one of the spectacular events of the day.

On November 27th the class was honoured by the presence of the Spiritual Father. The story of the early life of St. John Berchmans was told by Charles H. Steben, his student life by Norman Petersen, and his latter days by Marcus C. Doherty. Poems were read by John Wolfe and Francis McAllister. I. Clement occupied the chair. Father Hingston responded warmly, congratulated those who had taken part, and gave some interesting reminiscences of a personal visit to the scenes of the early struggles of the little Belgian hero. Then in the presence of the assembled multitude Edward made a speech all written out and prepared for the occasion, and ended up a telling peroration by making a presentation to Charlie Steben who was about to leave for the Jesuit Novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet.

The mid-year examinations brought us a splendid quota in the persons of R. McDonnell, H. Blanchard, W. Savoie and P. Pacaud. Their thoroughness and efficiency speak highly for the scholarship of Second Grammar.

"Excelsior," is our slogan in these stirring and fleeting days of formation, "onwards and upwards to the summits of Christian manhood!" Nor do we admit that only peonies, roses and daffodils strew the steep hillside.

Who will say that '19 is down-hearted?

PETER.

#### DRAWBACKS IN GREEK

A student whose thorax was weak
Had been practising korax in Greek,
He mastered the twists,
But his voice now consists
Of a series of quacks and a squeak.
Now the effort so racks him to speak,
Through the whole world he goes quacks to seek.
Each quack is quite sure
That he has the right cure,
But... Beware! there are drawbacks in Greek.

#### HEPHZIBAH

Her hair was black, a shiny black,
As black as raven's wing.
Her eyes were green, a living green,
As green as leaves in Spring.
Her ears were small, Oh very small,
Half-hidden in her hair;
You'd look quite closely ere you'd see
That they in truth were there.
A body dainty as could be
Upheld that head so fine,
And tiny were the feet of that
Young pussy cat of mine.

F. McAllister, First Grammar.

#### SECOND GRAMMAR

Superlatives play no small part in the composition of class notes, and though "good" has three terms to its comparison—"good, better, best," it is invariably the best year, the best class, the best in everything, and everything the best. But we prefer to be positive about it and say that the year was "good."

Our battalion consists of three companies, which in turn are divided and sub-divided till nothing is left but Bobby, and he by his size defies division.

We shall throw a side-light on each company.

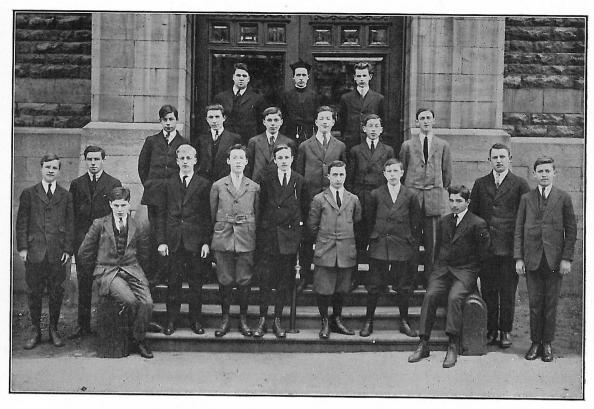
COMPANY "A": THE CONVERTED: To begin by antiquity, Cornelius was the first convert of St. Peter, and, ever since, he has been bringing a bad lead-pencil to class. Gerald Q. says this is in our Roman History, and Gerald would not tamper with historical data, though—to tell the truth—Byrne seems to be doubtful of it. But Byrne cannot find his book just now; very probably it is at home with a number of his Latin and Greek books. Maurice would only be too glad to give him his, but he has already lent it to someone else. The general trend of affairs is much too slow for Dodd, and were it not for Tabb he would not stand it at all.

COMPANY "B": THE UNCONVERTED: It is recorded, we believe, in Modern History that Phillips was never won over to Christianity, but died with his eyes shut against penance and penance-hall. There is another striking parallel, that of a German prince royal who was scratched to death by the lion's paw. Had it not been for the diligence of a Dutch or Irish—we are not sure which—reinforcement, which was finally overcome by sleep, the fatalities would have been consideralby greater in number.

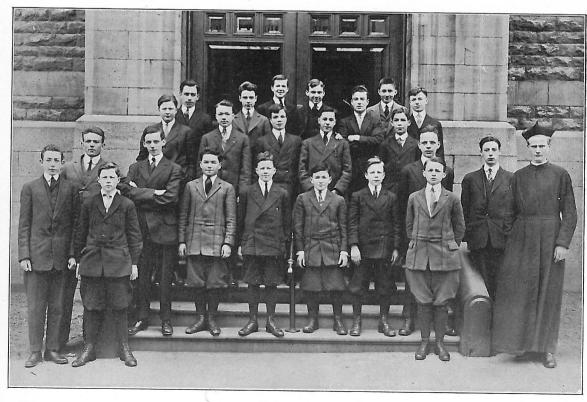
COMPANY "C": THE UNCONVERTIBLE: Downes has been told off to keep a vigilant eye on Chabot who is of a violent disposition and possessed of a terrible voice. Hough alone knows how well this duty was discharged, but dare not say a word about it.

Long, long before royal assassinations and Austrian uprisings, long before the gathering of Teutonic indignation and the growling of the Russian Bear, long before midnight ultimatums and whirlwind mobilisations, long before the wondrous might of European Powers had clashed in deadly struggle, our companies were at war. From trenches not more than eighteen feet apart we were shooting Greek verbs at blank range and throwing geometrical axioms with death-dealing precision. Caesarean charges of the Bello-Gallico type were led by Captains Pacaud, McDonnell, Blanchard and Savoie, who are now carrying on the Eastern campaign in First Grammar. For accurate Yenni grape-shot fire Gunner McMartin, and for geometrical explosions Engineer M. P. Malone distinguished themselves. Because of his Cyropaedeian strength Boyne proved a bulwark for his side, and we only mention him, fearing lest among such able-bodied men he might be overlooked. Everett is very much afraid of him, and that is the reason why they are never seen together.

After everybody had been killed or had died from wounds, we formed an Intellectual Hockey League, in which Captain Smith led his Wanderers to victory. Even when all the members of his team had retired to the benches he continued to play the game alone. At the end of the season Captain



FIRST GRAMMAR



SECOND GRAMMAR

McGarry took his team on a pic-nic to penance-hall, though no one had bidden him, and while Connolly laughs away under his breath at the performance, McVey is still trying to puzzle it out.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." We have done the blowing; we hope you will get the good.

A. SMITH.

#### PARALLEL LEXICON

(All from the boys' point of view)

Boy—(by the Professor):

A creature who thrives physically and intellectually on contradiction and persecution; powers of work unlimited, but seldom exercised; perversity extraordinary and requiring constant and vigourous repression; laziness unfathomable and ineradicable.

Boy—(by the Boy):

A creature who thrives physically and intellectually on consentaneity and mild persuasion; powers of work limited, but always strained; docility extraordinary and seeking constantly to find expression; activity immeasurable and inexhaustible.

HOME-WORK—(by the Professor):

A calm and thoughtful review of the work done in the class-room during the day, and a profitable preparation for the morrow. For the studious it is a mere rapid and pleasant, but ever fruitful repetition; for the negligent, a slow and tedious, but valuable opportunity to recover lost ground.

HOME-WORK—(by the Boy):

A troublesome and irrational struggle with difficulties carefully avoided in the explanations given in class, productive of detrimental perturbation on the morrow. For the studious it is a slow and prolonged, but unavoidable torture; for the careful, an interminable and ever unapproachable horror. Oral Exams.—(by the Professor):

A valuable supplement to the written exams., admirably suited to test a student's quickness, accuracy, self-confidence and equanimity; a final opportunity given the student to display his knowledge and to pass with honours. Oral Exams.—(by the Boy):

A befitting supplement to the written exams., admirably adapted to destroy a student's quiet, self-respect and balance of mind; a final attempt to wrest from the student his hardly won laurels.

HOLIDAYS—(by the Professor):

A regrettable and frequent interruption to serious work, introduced into schools and colleges in a moment of weakness as a concession to the original inherent indolence of students; now firmly established, and continued only through respect for long-standing custom.

HOLIDAYS—(by the Boy):

A rare and praiseworthy incentive to fruitful labour, introduced into schools and colleges in a moment of lofty inspiration as a recognition of the faithful application of the students; now firmly established, but narrowly restricted through respect for aged though otherwise uncommendable custom.

## THIRD GRAMMAR "A"

Every class of Loyola has a history either written or unwritten. Third Grammar "A", although its history may be brief and uneventful is not going to be an exception. We do not wish to be thought inferior to our predecessors or successors. In fact, many of us would feel our pride a little touched if we were not said to be even better than all other Third Grammar classes. Be that as it may, all are of one mind that the year 1914-15 has been spent very profitably, and—shall we say?—pleasantly.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. We might go further and say: It takes all kinds of boys to make a class. Ours contains about every sort of boy imaginable. For we have the old boy and the young boy; the big boy and the little boy; the fat boy and the thin boy; the serious boy and the funny boy—at least he tries to be; the wide-awake boy and the dreamy boy; the studious boy and, without wishing to be personal or to offend, the lazy boy.

It is not difficult to perceive that in such a medley of boys and characters, our work cannot be too oppressive and monotonous. Nor is it surprising that for the teacher, some days must be dark and dreary. We have occasional squals, thunder-claps and cloud-bursts; but behind the cloud the sun is ever shining.

Some of our members have merited, if not by their good conduct and application, at least, by their personal traits, a passing mention.

All are unanimous in saying that MacDonnell and Vanier are the hard workers of the class. This is the more wonderful considering their weak and delicate constitutions. It has been quietly suggested that, sometime before the 21st of June, Anthony should be kindly introduced into the Penance Hall, otherwise he may leave the college a complete stranger to the great and lasting benefits of such an institution. As for "G.W.," this precaution is scarcely necessary, since he has already reserved his favourite seat for next year. Our fair-haired Errol is called by the Boarders "the class apple-tree." Carl Sutton as a talker is the nearest thing to perpetual motion that has been discovered in the twentieth century. If it were not for St-Aubin he might have the prize for elocution. Eugene Clement says he would like to compete but he is always too late getting in. He hopes there will be a special train service from Lachine to the new College.

We have a few very intimate friends of Nepos. This particular friend-ship has lately developed into jealousy among McGarr, Kearns, Scanlan and O'Brien, and has attracted the attention even of Tierney. Everyone is doing his best to come first in the final test. Our own dear Father Yenni finds at least one very enthusiastic admirer in Jimmy Hearn. While Hall and Knight would be left out in the cold were it not for the faithful attention of Anthony, Leonard and Chris.

Our class motto "On the job" finds a few steady followers in Bertrand, Byrne, Topp, Keenan, O'Brien and O'Rourke. But Corbett, Coughlin, St-Aubin, Lahey and Shortall would have us change it to "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

We have still a few lesser lights in the class; but our brilliant stars, Anglin, Matta and Senecal have gone to illumine the heavens of Second Grammar.

Our esteemed friend Charles is hoping and praying for a good long vacation this summer, that he may have time to visit the Pyramids and dig up some jokes for next year. "Bon voyage!" says Walter the wit, "I should like to go with you, but I have promised my services to the Edison Co. Leo Shortall has under serious consideration the opening of a kindergarten in Newfoundland. His object in this is to gain acquaintance with the ways of children. He was thinking of taking St-Aubin with him, for he is quite small and would amuse the babies. The keenest contest in the class this year has been the race between Timmins and Tellier for the Infirmary. Of late Noah is puzzling his brain over a problem on "Home-work." Here it is: "If our teacher doubles the 'home-work' on Sundays, how much will he give for vacation?" Let X equal the unknown quantity—this is the only solution he can find. What think you Clement?

"I'll bring a note."

We think our able professor of French, Mr. Keenan, S.J., deserves mention for his efforts in making us proficient in the language of diplomacy. Nor must we forget to thank our worthy teacher, Mr. G. F. Bradley, S.J., for his wholehearted devotedness to each and all of us.

"OBSERVER"



# · A · BROKEN · ARM ·

When I was a lad of fifteen, both my parents were killed in a railroad wreck. After my first grief was over, I was taken to the town of B—, in the State of Pennsylvania by my uncle who was all kindness to me. He spared neither pains nor his limited resources to complete my education. At the end of my college course I determined to take up the profession of teaching. My uncle at first disliked the idea, but after many a long talk I succeeded in winning his consent.

It was an easy matter for me to find a position, as the demand for teachers was at that time great. My first field of labour was St. John's College, where, while teaching the class of First Year High, I performed the duties of Assistant-Principal. The boys under my charge were a bright and manly set. The one black sheep of the class was John Stevenson. Disrespectful, dishonest and unkempt, he was proof against all my efforts to win his confidence. He went from bad to worse until one day I caught him in the act of taking money from the poor-box near the college door.

That evening I called the boy to my office, pointed out to him the gravity of his offence, and the goal to which such conduct would finally lead him. But seeing that kindness and gentle words awakened in him no feeling of repentance, I tried what impression the rod could make upon him and gave him a sound flogging with the promise of another on the morrow. With this I dismissed him. During the two days that followed John failed to put in an appearance. On the third day the porter came to my office and announced Mr. William Wright, School Board Commissioner.

"Good Morning, Mr. Walker" said the Commissioner as he was ushered in. "I have some important business with you concerning Master Stevenson. Yesterday the boy and his father called upon me lodging the complaint that you had broken the boy's arm, while giving him a severe thrashing."

"What! Do you mean to say I broke his arm? Impossible!"

"No need to get excited. There is the testimony of the physician who set the fracture on the evening of the incident; still, there may be a great mistake somewhere, and that is just what we want to find out. At all events, you are summoned to appear before the School Board next week."

"Charles Walker," said the President of the Board on the following Thursday, "the evidence is against you. The school law has been violated,

and as a result you must forfeit your licence."

Young Stevenson was overjoyed. His cynic smile and triumphant bearing gave evidence that his spirit of revenge had conquered. I, for my part, felt that I was a ruined man. My good name, all that I had in the world, was gone.

After brooding over my fate for some months, I decided to go to Europe, where I could begin life anew. I wandered about for two years without finding a suitable occupation. Finally I decided to become a priest. I went to

Ireland, where, after spending seven years in hard study, I was ordained. I was then sent to Pennsylvania to fill the post of chaplain in the State penitentiary.

One day while making my rounds I was surprised to see a face, which, although it seemed familiar, I could not place. After some talk with the prisoner, who was at first sullen and silent, I managed to draw from him the story of his life.

"Father," he said, "I am wrongly accused of committing murder. I have been condemned upon circumstantial evidence. It is true the crime was perpetrated by one of the gang of which I was a member; true, too, that my revolver and cartridges were used But I was not aware of the deed at the time they were returned to me. I was known as one of the band on former occasions, and as the cartridges found on me when arrested corresponded with those used in killing the man, I was declared guilty and sentenced to death."

I did my best to cheer and comfort the condemned man, and my kindness won his confidence.

"Oh, Father," he exclaimed, "I have led a wicked life ever since I falsely accused my teacher of breaking my arm when punishing me for my misdeeds, and was thus the means of destroying his prospects in life. My arm was broken by a fall on the ice; but I was revengeful. That was the beginning of my downward career. From that day I have not had a moment's peace of conscience. I plunged deeper and deeper into crime, thinking to stifle that interior voice, but it only reproaches me the more bitterly. Father, they say it never can be silenced, and I believe it."

"Oh! that I could meet my old teacher, Mr. Walker, and beg his forgiveness before I die."

"I shall try," said I, "to find him and convey to him your message of repentance."

"If you will, dear Father, I shall die more contented."

Concealing my surprise and identity, I wondered whether, if he turned State's evidence and revealed the likely hiding-place of the murderer, the prisoner would be acquitted. Poor Stevenson! There was still a chance for him, and I resolved to do my utmost to save him. I hurried off to the Governor of the State and laid the case before him. I had some difficulty in gaining his sympathy, owing to the prisoner's previous record, but at last I succeeded in obtaining a reprieve. After much pursuasion John told the authorities where the murderer might be found. The guilty man was soon rounded up and convicted.

On the day of his release, great was the prisoner's joy and gratitude. He gave me his solemn promise that, with the help of God's grace, he would begin life anew. Greater still was his surprise and confusion when in parting I said:

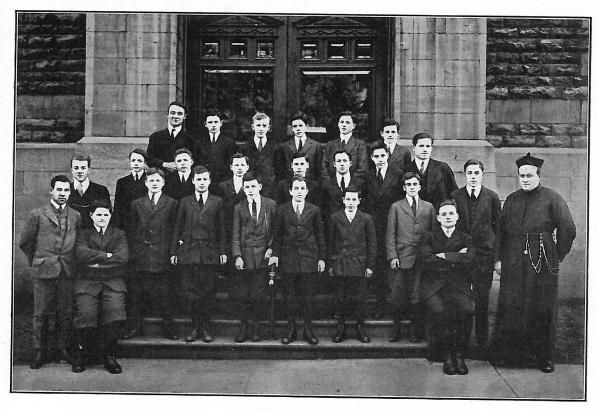
"John, revenge at times comes slowly, but mine has come to-day. If you are ever again in trouble, come to your old teacher, Father Charles Walker."

JAMES G. HEARN, Third Grammar "A."

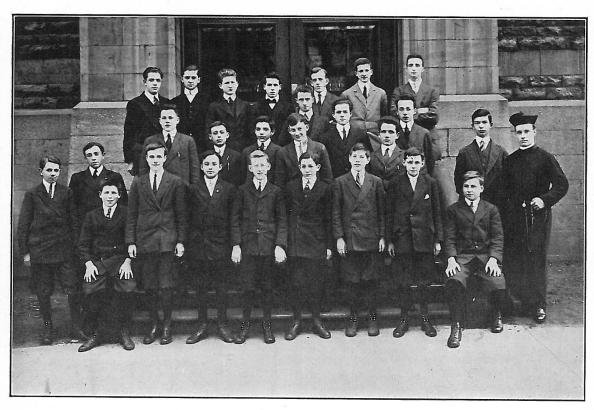
## THIRD GRAMMAR "B"

- A is for Argall so ready to aid
  With his sterling advice, although no heed be paid.
- B is for Basserman, who dabbles in art; With pencil and brush, for a youngster, he's smart.
- B is for Beaudin, who is tall, straight, but thin; He has more in his head than he has in his skin.
- C is for Carlin, the first from the West; He is growing at present, and therefore must rest.
- C is for Carson, who blushes quite red, When something severe or bamboozling is said.
- C Then there's Charland, a scholar in Greek; In Maths. he's not last, but of that we shan't speak.
- C Still another; he hails from Lachine; To be punctual Clement would need a machine.
- D That's Dineen, and his record is such,

  There's a great deal to praise, but to blame there's not much.
- D Now comes Doran. We never could say All we wish in two lines, so we'll pass on our way.
- E stands for Exams. which every one dreads; Like the sword of Empedocles they threaten our heads.
- F is for Fortune: he once tried to pray; The strain was terrific; he fainted away.
- G is the Greek which a few of us know; We learn it from Yenni who is mentioned below.
- H is a boy who is big, strong and cheerful;
  When the holidays come, is our Haddlesey tearful?
- H is for Hayes who was one of our rousers; Much wiser he seems since he put on long trousers.
- I stands for Innes, He does things quite neatly; If he make a mistake, he does so discreetly.



THIRD GRAMMAR "A"



THIRD GRAMMAR "B"

- J our Jokes, merit a place on this page, If not for their wit, then at least for their age.
- K is for Kavanagh, in the front row; He had a back seat; why he changed we all know.
- L is for Lawson, most quiet of boys; He never starts pranks, but all pranks he enjoys.
- L is for Leitch, so good natured and fat; He behaves fairly well, but is fond of a chat.
- M is McA'Nulty who lives in a dream; His favourite verse: 'Things are not what they seem.'
- M is McGee, perhaps our youngest and lightest; But he holds out his chest and is one of the brightest.
- M is McKeown; is he callous to dangers?

  He has shouldered a rifle and drills with the Rangers.
- M is for Murphy, a favourite with all; When the class needs an athlete, on Vincent we call.
- N is for Nepos who wrote of great men; We are happy to say he will not write again.
- O is O'Driscoll; he leads our debate. Revels in figures, and likes to translate.
- P is our Porter; you've met him before; But Leitch is so huge, he deserves an encore.
- Q is a student who is not always here; But Quinn is more regular at the end of the year.
- R is for Rolland. When he shouldered his gun, 'Twas certain the Germans would soon have to run.
- S is from Ottawa; that's bright Reggie Steers; He is not at all old, but he's young for his years.
- T is Terroux; he is brilliant and gay;
  Machines keep him busy and happy all day.
- T is a stout boy; Leo Timmins his name; He played goals for the Juniors and played quite a game.

- U is what's Useless; for instance the Greek, Strap, penance-hall, home-work, and notes for the week.
- V All our verses are not so sublime
  As they surely would be, could we leave out the rhyme.
- W is Wickham, stout, sturdy and strong; When he thinks of St. Lamberts he breaks into song.
- X is for Xerxes who coveted Greece; Themistocles trounced him; he had to make peace.
- Y is for Yenni whom we mentioned before; He has written a book full of dulness galore.
- Z is the Zeal which the teacher displays; No laziness daunts him, no humbug dismays.

THE CLASS

A student of Third Grammar "B"
Was asked by some friends out to tea.
The exams. were quite near,
"Twas the end of the year;
But "I'll be charmed, Oh! thank you," said he.
He felt happy, his heart swelled with glee;
He was brilliant and gay at that tea.
A year has passed by,
The exams. are now nigh,
And still he's in Third Grammar "B."

## THE FIRST RAID

#### CHAPTER 1

STEVENSON'S

"Well Tom, what did old Joe and Reynolds say?" asked Seaton Farringdon as his friend Tom strolled into the room. The two boys had gone to the same college and for years had been great chums. They had both passed successfully through a science and engineering course at an English University, and now occupied important positions in Stevenson's great engineering and ship-building works. "Old Joe" was the name under which Mr. Joseph Stevenson, the General Manager and sole owner of the works, was familiarly known and spoken of by his subordinates and men. Mr. Reynolds was the Chief Assistant and Superintendent. He had formerly been a chief engineer in the Royal Navy and had practically entire control of the ship-building department at the works.

With the coming of the war, the business of the firm had increased enormously, and the manager and his assistant often held long consultations, which could not fail to attract the attention and arouse the curiousity of those around them. Tom and Seaton for a time were as much in the dark as any one else, but later they were taken into the confidence of their chiefs.

Mr. Seaton had received a visit from a representative of the Admiralty. An experimental raid on a certain part of Germany was contemplated, and the Admiralty wished to know if Stevenson's would accept the contract of building, equipping and manning six submarines of the latest type. These, when built and manned by well trained crews, were to be united to fourteen of the Navy submarines, and the little fleet to be placed under the command of Reynolds. Five months were to be allowed for completion, including one month to be devoted entirely to the training of the crews and practice in mancevring.

The building of these craft meant that much of the ordinary work would have to be interrupted or delayed, thus entailing some confusion and loss. But Stevenson's were only too anxious to make a sacrifice for Old England, and so the contract was at once accepted. The plans for the boats were laid and perfected. Immediately relay gangs were set to work on the new submarines, and the men laboured day and night. It was wonderful how quickly the work progressed. The two boys who were really very clever engineers were put in charge of the two shifts. It was an impressive scene at night to see the oil flares and the electric arcs, the great cranes as they raised and carried huge masses of steel and deposited them with almost human care at indicated places, to hear the rattle of chains and the hiss and clanking of the engines, mingled with the noise of the pneumatic hammers as they flattened the rivets that held together the steel plates. Day after day, and night after night, the works were the scene of feverish and untiring labour. In four months the six submarines were ready.

We now return to Tom and Seaton. It was shortly after they were told about the submarines. Tom Roscoe had just been to see the Manager and Mr. Reynolds to know if he and his companion were to be included in the crews for the expedition.

"Well, Tom, what did old Joe and Reynolds say?"

"Oh, everything is settled. Joe has made arrangements with the Admiralty, and we are to have commissions."

This good news was too much for Seaton. He jumped up and danced around so energetically that he knocked down from the mantle-piece a marble Mercury. He interrupted his dance to replace the statue minus an arm Tom spoke Submarines. "E-10, E-11, E-12, will be launched this week, while E-7, E-8, E-9, will be out next Monday. We shall have four weeks of practice on them, and then the crews will be picked and off we go."

"That is good; but, by the way, I want to speak to you about something,

so come along."

Leaving the house, they went down to the works and entered the drafting room. There Seaton produced a key and opening a drawer brought out a blue print. "This" he said, "is a plan of an oil ship which I have drawn. She might accompany the submarines as far as possible, and then fill our tanks and await our return. She can also carry necessary repair and salvage equipment and perhaps extra torpedoes."

"That's a good idea," assented Tom; "give us some more details."

"The machinery," continued Seaton, "will consist of two sets of quadruple expansion engines with condensers, water tube boilers with oil fuel, several air pumps for charging the air flasks for the torpedoes, powerful hoisting gear for salvage and unloading, and centrifugal or triple ram double acting force pumps for the fuel. In the front and back and between the two shells of the ship we can store the fuel. On the lower deck we could put the torpedoes, and on the main decks the salvage and other manœuvring apparatus."

"Has Joe seen these plans of yours?" asked Tom.

"Not yet," answered Seaton, "but I think he will appreciate my work."

"You bet your long ears, he will" emphatically declared Tom.

Old Joe certainly appreciated the idea and the plans. Work was begun on the oil ship at once, and it was built and equipped in time for the trials of the submarines.

On the surface the submarines were propelled by semi-diesel double opposed oil engines electrically ignited and driving two bladed propellers. Each of these engines developed about 40 H.P. Under the water they were driven by powerful electric motors working off storage batteries. The approximate speed was 12 knots below, and 18 on the surface. Beneath the submarines was a series of weights which could be dropped by pulling a small lever. Should the submarines when submerged be unable to rise, the releasing of these weights would restore buoyancy. And last ,but not least, important was the armament. Each submarine was equipped with four torpedo tubes, one at the front, and one at the back, and an adjustable one at each side. But as torpedoes are expensive and take up much space, which is not very abundant in a submarine, Reynolds hit upon a new plan. This was the use of smaller torpedoes of exactly the same type as the others, and though not as large yet sufficiently

effective. Special tubes were necessary for these new projectiles but this difficulty did not cause much trouble. Each submarine was therefore fitted with six dum-dum tubes as they are called. Entire control rested in the conning tower where the captain took his place and from it the vessel was steered. There was steering apparatus located in other parts of the vessel it is true, but this was to be used only in case of accident to the conning tower. The commander also had direct control over the engines by telegraph and telephone communicating with the engine room. The torpedoes were fired electrically be means of sets of keys arranged in order in the conning tower. By the side of the tubes were small semaphores which informed the crew as soon as a torpedo was fired and gave them the signal to re-load.

#### CHAPTER II

#### THE TRIALS

"Wake up, Tom," shouted Seaton, as he tossed his pillow at Tom's recumbent form. It was a fine morning and the ocean was as smooth as a mirror save for occasional ripples set in motion by some slight puff of wind. Tom turned over in bed, stretched himself, yawned, rubbed his eyes, then with a drowsy sigh threw off the bed-clothes and thrust out his legs.

"Pretty good weather for the trials," remarked Seaton who was already half-dressed.

"Yes," admitted Tom, "if it will only remain so for a while."

"Oh, it is sure to. On what submarine are we to be?"

"On the E-12," replied Tom. "I suppose we shall be in charge of the engines, or the torpedoes and dum-dums."

"I don't care much what post we are given provided we don't remain at the bottom of the ocean," said Seaton. "Anyhow, come along to breakfast."

They went down stairs, and found Mr. Stevenson and Reynolds already busy with eggs and bacon.

"Well, boys, here we are at last," sang out Mr. Stevenson as they made their appearance. "Are you feeling quite fit?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Seaton, and Tom nodded.

"You are both to be in the E-12," said Reynolds. "Tom, you will have charge of the dum-dum crew and Seaton will remain with me in the conning tower."

"That will suit me first rate," said Tom emphatically. "Those dumdums are favourites of mine."

Breakfast being finished, they all donned their overalls and went down to the wharf where the submarines and the tank ship were moored. There they met several members of the Admiralty who had come to see the trials. The first experiments went off without a hitch. Storage batteries were placed in the submarines and they moved up a distance of about one hundred yards from the wharf. The tank ship followed, and on coming up abreast of them lowered a cable from a small crane into the first submarine and raised the storage

batteries. A few minutes later, two sets of fresh batteries were lowered, and then a flexible pipe was let down into the tanks of the submarine and the steam force-pumps on the ship began to fill the submarine tanks with fuel for the oil engines.

Trials were made of the steering and navigating apparatus, and both electric and oil power plants worked splendidly. That afternoon they tried going below the surface and found that the submarines dived, rose, turned, reversed, and stopped with perfect ease. It was a long and fatiguing day's work but everyone was satisfied with the results.

During dinner the subject of the conversation was naturally the success of the trials.

"They're all right, those little craft of ours," said Reynolds.

"That is certainly my opinion," assented the manager. "Those naval officers seemed quite pleased. The crews are somewhat slow at present, but for the first day their work was excellent, and by the end of the month they will be experts."

"Those Germans will not like our little fleet very much," said Tom.

"No," agreed Seaton. "I shall be glad when all is ready for the expedition."

"There will be no delay in the expedition," promised Reynolds. "But we must have plenty of practice in manœuvring and firing before we can venture to attack. We must start this practice to-morrow."

"In what will the firing practice consist?" asked Seaton.

"The Admiralty will send down three cruisers to-morrow," said Reynolds, and two of their best submarines. Two of the cruisers will play the part of the enemy and will be provided with hanging nets. The third cruiser will act as a decoy. We shall take up our positions and the third cruiser will tempt the enemy to pursue it. We shall have to observe the direction and speed of the enemy by rising rapidly now and then and diving almost at once. The object is to see without being seen and fire at the proper moment. Uncharged torpedoes will be used and our accuracy can be determined by means of the projectiles caught in the ents."

"In other words an actual rehearsal of battle conditions," exclaimed Tom. "Confusion can easily arise, for as far as the submarines are concented we shall be fighting almost in the dark."

"Yes, collisions must be avoided, and all but absolutely necessary observations. Each submarine must know approximately the position of every other. However, we shall later decide upon a series of telegraphic signals which will facilitate matters."

Every day for four weeks, target and manœuvring practices were held. There were many difficulties to be overcome. The new crews were slow in making their observations, and too anxious to see what was going on above. The periscopes were constantly appearing above the water, thus betraying the exact position of the fleet. The enemy, day after day, escaped them while still in full pursuit of the third cruiser. Experience, however, rectified these errors. The secret telegraphic code was perfected, and as Tom remarked, everyone seemed to develop a sixth sense which enabled him to determine the position of the enemy almost without any observation.

For the last ten days of the practice the fleet of twenty submarines was complete. By the end of the month the crews were adepts at managing the craft and every man knew his position and the part to play in each manœuvre with great precision.

#### CHAPTER III

THE SPY.

On a fair Monday morning, there was a stir in Stevenson's works. Men were hurrying hither and thither, some carrying cases of various sizes and placing them on trucks, while others pushed the trucks down to the wharf, where apparently the bustle was at its height. Foremen were shouting out orders, small boats were passing to and from the submarines, winches were rattling noisily, but, in spite of the noise and hurry, everything was done with the greatest order. Torpedoes were lowered into the submarines, fresh oil pumped down, and storage batteries charged. At one o'clock the workers and superintendents went to have their mid-day meal. Our young friends were jubilant and impatient to be off on the expedition.

"We shall be ready by Wednesday, I hope" said Mr. Stevenson.

"Oh surely," answered Reynolds, "perhaps before."

"I wonder where we are bound for?" said Seaton, glancing at Reynolds. Reynolds smiled. "There is no reason why I should not tell you now," said he, "but can you guess our destination?"

"The Dardanelles!" exclaimed Tom. "That's where I should like to steer for."

"What do you think of Heligoland?" asked Reynolds. "Is not Heligoland even better than the Dardanelles?"

"To Heligoland!" shouted Tom and Seaton together.

"Yes," said Mr. Stevenson "those are the orders. The Germans will never come out of their own accord, so we shall try to entice some of their ships out into the open. Then the submarines will have to do their work. You have a very difficult enterprise before you."

"Who cares for the difficulty?" exclaimed Seaton. "This is something worth living for, isn't it, Tom? But what do we need to bring with us, sir?" he continued more soberly.

"Well," answered Reynolds, "you had better bring some warm clothes and your magazine rifles. Good strong gloves might be serviceable. For food, all you need trouble about is to have some lumps of chocolate in your pockets. Everything else will be provided for you."

"We shall be ready to-night," said Seaton.

In the afternoon the operations of packing and loading went on steadily. About five o'clock it was noticed that one of the men had ceased work without notifying anyone. The loss of even one hand at such a busy time was serious, but although a careful search was made he was nowhere to be found. The other men, on being questioned, could give no information as to the reason or time of his departure.

In the evening, as Tom and Seaton were returning from the wharf carrying

their rifles which they had been cleaning while directing the work, they noticed a light appear and disappear in the window of the office. They were surprised, for although the manager or Mr. Reynolds might have been in the office at that time, yet the sudden flash of light was suspicious. They hurried forward, and, on entering, found the safe forced open, and saw that all the plans were stolen. At the same time the noise of a powerful motor car moving swiftly down the road informed them that the thieves were escaping.

"After them!" cried Seaton, as he started to run towards the garage. Tom followed him. They threw open the door and jumped into the car. Seaton pressed the self-starter, but there was no result. He pressed it again and this time the eight cylinder motor roared out at its full. He steered the car into the road, advanced the spark, opened the throttle, and put the car at top speed.

"Load the rifles!" shouted Seaton, jerking the wheel just in time to escape a post by the side of the road.

They travelled in silence, no noise breaking upon the stillness but the roar of the ninety horse-power engine. Mile after mile was passed as they rushed along the white winding road, scarcely reducing their speed in the streets of the quiet villages. The village folk enjoying the coolness of the early night at the cottage doors, stared at them in wonder, and turned to gaze after them as they disappeared in a cloud of dust out on the country road.

At the entrance to the third village they stopped to ask if another car had passed that way lately.

"Yes. A large black car with two men in it travelling at a high speed," was the answer they received.

In another hour they reached a long level stretch, and Tom espied a dark form about two miles ahead standing out against the white road. For another half hour they sped along, gradually reducing the distance that separated them from the fugitives.

"We shall soon have them now," muttered Seaton, "and they will regret their boldness."

The pursuers were but fifty yards behind when a flash burst from the escaping car and a bullet crashed through the top of the wind shield. Another and another followed, but no serious damage was done.

"Answer them, Tom!" yelled Seaton.

Tom needed no encouragement. He fired five shots at the tires and some at least took effect for the tires became deflated. Another shot came from the black car. Tom sighted carefully.

"If those beggars can't take a hint, I suppose I must fire directly at them," he said.

He fired, and the marksman in the first car dropped his left arm with a yell of rage.

"That ought to bring them to reason," said Seaton, "but to make sure, fire at their gasoline tank."

The fugitives however, were not easily overcome. The chauffeur continued to drive ahead at full speed. The other occupant rested his rifle on the back of the car and took a cool deliberate aim. A bullet cut across Seaton's cheek, but he held manfully on to the controls.

"Let them have it, Tom; they won't use any gentle means with us!"

Tom fired two shots, then three more, and waited. Presently the black car slowed down and stopped. Seaton pulled up a short distance behind and crouching down snatched up his rifle and covered the driver.

"Hands up! we have you covered."

The driver's right arm moved towards his pocket, but a bullet whizzed past his ear and up went his hands as if by electrical influence. Seaton told Tom to keep him covered while he advanced. A man was lying on the floor of the car, a mauser grasped in his hand, and a dirty brownish spot on his left shoulder.

"Why, it's that fellow Schwartz, who disappeared this afternoon," exclaimed Seaton. "This has been his little game. He'll do no more mischief for a few moments at any rate. We shall tie up the chauffeur."

When the chauffeur was securely bound, Seaton turned his attention to the wounded man and, recalling what he had learnt of "First Aid," bandaged the spy's shoulder. In the meantime Tom had been searching for the stolen plans; he found them in a locker under the seat.

"Let's see what damage you did to their car, Tom," said Seaton. He opened the bonnet and taking out his flash-light examined the motor, worked the controls, and looked at the petrol tank. Two neat holes had been bored in the tank and all the gasoline had leaked out.

They transferred their prisoners to their own car and started for home which they reached about mid-night. They found Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Reynolds anxiously searching all over the establishment for the plans.

"It's all right, sir, we have them!" shouted Tom.

"What! the plans? Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Stevenson.

"Yes, we brought them back with us; and we have the two Germans who stole them."

The boys' story was soon told.

"You have done us a great service," said the Manager. "These plans would have been most valuable to our enemies and their loss would certainly have rendered our expedition desperate if not impossible. I wonder if there are any more like Schwartz about the works. We must keep a closer watch than we have done heretofore."

Reynolds telephoned to the police head-quarters to place the spies in safe custody.

"These fellows will be the country's guests until the end of the war," he remarked.

#### CHAPTER IV

#### THE ENCOUNTER

All was ready and the little fleet was lined up along the wharf.

"All right?" shouted Mr. Stevenson.

"All right!" answered Reynolds, and the twenty submarines and the oil consort sailed silently away towards the enemy's shores. On the E-12, the leader, Seaton was in the conning tower, with the commander, while Tom was in the torpedo tube quarters in the bow.

All went well until the next day when they were far out from England

and were moving slowly ahead with nothing showing but the periscopes of the E-12 and E-8, which were in the van. Seaton was taking observations and he noticed a vessel steaming swiftly westwards. It was some little time before he could see it clearly.

"Enemy cruiser on the port side," he at length reported. "She is a fast

cruiser and is moving towards us."

"Thank you," said Reynolds, "I shall take your place now. Send word to E-8 to submerge. Telephone to Tom to load the forward torpedo and dum-dum tubes."

"Aye! Aye! Sir." The orders were immediately carried out.

They altered their course slightly to meet the enemy who, as far as they could judge, had not as yet noticed them. Then they sank until the periscope was invisible.

"We should be close to them in a few minutes," said Reynolds. "Be ready to fire two dum-dums."

They moved through the water about a mile, and rose slowly and saw the cruiser scarcely five-hundred vards away.

"Fire!"

Seaton pressed dum-dum keys 4 and 6 and two fish-like shapes shot out from the submarine and swam along approximately fifteen feet below the surface. A dash of foam appeared on the side of the hostile craft, and presently the two funnels and everything near them flew skywards. The boilers had burst The rest of the ship did not take long to sink.

"You fired just in time," muttered Reynolds. "The Germans seem to be nearer than we thought. Let us rejoin the others."

A message was sent through the water and the periscopes of the other submarines appeared. The E-12 took its place again at the head of the fleet.

"It may well be that the cruiser was but a scout," said Reynolds. "It stole out and was studying the possibility of a raid on England as soon as some favourable opportunity presented itself. If there should be a fog to-night or to-morrow we may expect to meet some of their ships. Let us raise the mast and send word home. A few battle-ships might find something to do within the next twenty-four hours."

The next morning they were approaching Heligoland and were in dangerous waters. Reynolds gave the order to slow down. They had to wait until the British cruisers should come up and dash in and draw out the enemy's ships into the area within which the submarines were to operate. At this point extreme caution was necessary. A premature discovery of their presence would spoil everything. All day they remained practically motionless. There was a long heavy swell over the sea and nothing to break the monotony of the wide expanse of water.

Late in the evening a heavy mist enshrouded them, settling into a fog as the night wore on. "This is what the Germans are praying for, I am sure," said Reynolds. "Send word to all to be ready."

Under cover of the fog the submarines rose higher in the water. Now and then through the thick veil of vapour a faint glow would appear, but it was impossible to say whether it was due to search-lights playing on the sky and water, or merely a slight lifting of the mist from the surface of the sea. To-

wards four a.m. the enemy approached—a large dark object loomed up before them, followed by another and then another. Reynolds ordered that the submarines should open and extend their lines and sink until their periscopes alone were above. The command to load and stand ready was sent to Tom. The first of the German battleships, for such they proved to be, bore rapidly down between the E-12 and the E-8. Seaton pressed the starborad firing key and presently an explosion or rather a thud was heard and the enemy developed a violent list, and drifted away out of view. The second and the third battleships now steamed into the midst of the submarines. E-8 and E-6 dealt with one of them but the other suspecting the real state of affairs and guessing the positions of some of the British boats turned aside from its former course. This change brought it more into direct line with the E-12. At the same time, a search-light flashed over the water and revealed the periscope of Reynold's boat. The forward gun turret swung around towards it, but Seaton grasped the lever that controlled the rising and sinking and jerked it to the extreme end of the quadrant. At the same time the canvas covering fitting over the conning tower and periscope was released. The boat dived leaving the canvass structure floating in the water to receive the shots of the enemy. The E-12 waited below for the battleship to pass over it and then rose cautiously to observe. The heavy mist was by this time being rapidly dispelled by the early morning breeze. The old enemy was about two thousand yards away and at least not seriously damaged, for it was steaming ahead at full speed to escape from the submarine field.

"We must sink that other fellow," shouted Reynolds. "He is not in line with our other craft so we can fire without danger of hitting them."

The torpedo, however, missed its mark. While Seaton was waiting for the two forward torpedo tubes to be re-loaded he heard the report of a heavy gun and almost at the same moment a severe shock jerked him off his feet. The telehpone rang—

"Front bulkhead shattered by shell. Two men killed, and one wounded. Both torpedo tubes put out of action. Water tight door closed at beginning of action."

Reynolds was furious at the mishap. "That German is getting the better of us," he shouted. "Let him have another torpedo."

Seaton turned the boat about and pressed the button communicating with the torpedo tube in the stern. This time the German did not escape. The charge exploded against the ship and within four minutes of the explosion the battleship disappeared. Reynolds scanned the horizon. Far off to the North heavy black vapour was rolling across the sky, but no vessels were to be seen. The E-12 raised its conning tower above the water and signalled to the other submarines to do likewise. Reynolds went up the small iron ladder that scaled the inside of the tower and Seaton followed him into the fresh air. They were joined by Tom who was anxious to see daylight again, as he expressed it. There were many signs of the recent encounter. Broken lifeboats were tumbling about in the waves, and at one spot a large circle of oil stood out on the surface of the dark water. The submarines rose one by one, but only sixteen of the twenty answered the roll call. Two of the boats lost were Navy boats, the other two Stevenson's. The raid on Heligoland had to be abandoned for

the present and the fleet returned to England. Although their original plan had not been carried out, all were agreed that a raid on the coast of England had been frustrated and a severe loss inflicted on the enemy.

When Reynolds and his friends arrived in England they learned that the cruisers, which were to have joined the submarines, had met another section of the raiders further to the North, and had been so busily engaged in destroying the enemy that they had to leave Reynolds and his men to their own resources.

FERNAND R. TERROUX.
Third Grammar "B"

## LATIN RUDIMENTS "A"

"Certainly we have the most cosmopolitan class in the College," said Bermingham, as he shook back the long brown hair from his forehead.

"We have no such thing!" cried Walsh and Trihey, resenting in one voice

what they considered an insult to Rudiments "A".

But Bermingham, nothing daunted, stuck to his guns and began to make good his assertion: "We have English, Scotch, Irish, French, Spanish, and—"

Here he was interrupted, for it had just dawned on the other boys what the big word meant. Thinking it better to look wise and say something, one of them remarked: "Well, Lefevbre for one is French."

"That's queer," said Bermingham, with a smile that meant a great deal, "I think he beat you once in English Grammar, and what about Mathematics?"

"Can't judge by that," broke in Trihey, familiarly known as "Clem." "There's our curly-headed Farrera; when it comes to English Composition, none of us can touch 'the Merry Man from Mexico.' Now under the fleur-delis with Lefebvre we can place Decarie, Rolland, Sawyer and Lapointe, all stars in their own way; in the daily contests generally fallen stars."

"But Roy," added Walsh, "is a fixed star and a good compensation."

At this point Lichtenhein assumed a serious air and said: "That little 'Pip' out there trying to catch a base-ball, must surely hail from a place where base-balls are not grown."

"He is English," put in half-a-dozen together.

But through the open window the remark reached Owen's ears. The well-known little frown put in its appearance, and with his usual emphasis he cried: "I'm not English; I'm Scotch!"

Bermingham's wit, such as it is, cannot be kept chained, so it now broke loose again: "You heard," he said to Owen, "what happened to your friend Donald McArthur." (The name reveals the Scot.) Owen's big eyes opened still wider and wider entreating an explanation.

"Lost both hands," continued Bermingham, and before anyone was able to express in words the sudden rush of sympathy caused by the announcement of so horrible a calamity, he added: "in his pockets." All knew Donald's favourite pose.

"Under the banner of Old Erin," said Clem with an air of pride, "we have Wren Miller. Wren should have been a songster, but his vocal chords, taking much after himself, refuse to work. Then there is our friend David Black,—"

"Rather a bright Black," laughed Bermingham.

"—and Kannon," continued Clem, not deigning to notice the interruption—
"Who without doubt will give an excellent report of himself when it comes to the examinations," put in the irrepressible.

"Nor must we forget the 'Acrobat,'" Clem was alluding to Enright who always prefaces his repetitions in class by several inexplicable antics; "nor Jackson who is the "Guide to the Prefect's Office."

But "Pee Wee!" cried Walsh who has Ciceronian tendencies, "where does he come in?" A voice at the back of the room was heard to remark: "Through the key-hole." But Lyons heeded not the wit. "And shall we omit our little boy Stuart, the model worker of the class and his jovial friend McGuire who enjoys life as well as anyone?"

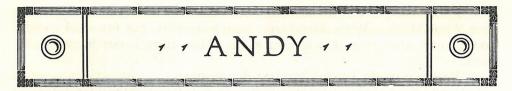
A smile broke over Bermingham's face which brought the inevitable "What's the matter?"

"I was just thinking," he said, "that McGuire ought to Owen up to Keenan that he set the Kannon on the Hill to keep away the Lyons from the Miller."

The bell saved Bermingham. He was off before anyone could lay hands on him; but next morning he turned up as fresh and incorrigible as ever.

"CHATTERBOX"





There was the sound of a joyous whistle, a chatter from the squirrels and chipmunks as they scampered into their hiding-places; then a boy came striding through the woods with a large brown retriever at his heels. He had an honest face and looked as if no calamity, however terrible, could take away the smile that hovered around his lips and shone in his merry blue eyes. He wore an old straw hat, through the top of which a patch of brown hair showed itself. His shirt was torn, his overalls turned up to his knees, his legs and feet bare. In his hand he carried a long slender branch of elm—the country boy's usual substitute for a fishing rod—around which was twisted a piece of string. A can containing some worms, a cork safe-guarding the dangerous ends of three or four trout-hooks completed his fishing gear.

The boy soon arrived at his favourite fishing place, for it was but a short distance from his home. He set to work at once to unwind the cord and fasten a baited hook to the end of it.

"I hope," he said, as he cast his line into the dark waters, "that I will catch some fish for supper. Eh, Tiger, what do you think of it?" The dog barked his approval and settled himself by the large stone where his young master had taken up his position to wait for a bite. Andy—for that is our Hero's name—remained there for over an hour until, satisfied with his six fine trout, he rearranged his line, caught up his bait and fish and started for home.

There was the same joyous whistle, the same chatter and scampering of squirrels and chipmunks, as Andy passed along the shady paths beneath the trees, and he enjoyed their lively chatter. He watched with keen pleasure the tiny animals as they sprang from bough to bough or bounded across the path in front of him. Often he had tried to follow the nimble creatures and many were the bruises and scratches he had received. Often, indeed, he had returned home with torn clothes and bleeding feet. This evening again he felt inclined for a lively chase in the woods, but he had no time to lose.

He wished to visit his old friend Mrs. Lane. This would require a little time, as her cottage was a short distance out of his direct way, and he knew that he would have all he could do to arrive home about the usual hour.

His visit was longer than he had at first intended, and when he came within sight of his home he was not surprised to find his mother standing at the door. She had been waiting for, what seemed to her, a very long time, and had gone from window to window in the hope of seeing him emerge from one of the many by-paths leading from the brook. At last she had seen him and had gone to the door to meet him. Andy greeted his mother with a fond kiss.

"I am sorry I am so late," he said, "but I went to see old Mrs. Lane and was unable to leave as soon as I wished."

He entered the cottage and placed a single fish on the table, the result, as his mother thought, of his afternoon's work.

"I have a fine trout here for our supper!" he exclaimed cheerfully.

The mother was somewhat disappointed that her son had not been more successful, for it often happened that the suppers were rather scanty; but outwardly she was as bright and happy as ever. Something unusual in Andy's demeanour attracted her attention. An unsuccessful fishing trip was always unpleasant to him, but to-night he seemed more cheerful than if he had returned with a dozen large fishes. She did not question him, however, but set about preparing the evening meal.

While waiting, Andy went to his room to study. It was his ambition to enter some profession and make a name for himself. He was too poor to go to school, but he hoped by hard work and his mother's help to acquire some knowledge; for it might well be, he thought, that in a few years he might find the means to enter college. The room was a small and bare one. An old bed without a counterpane, a rough table and chair, was all the furniture it contained. One small picture of Our Blessed Lady hung on the wall, and round it, as a token of his devotion, were fresh flowers from the woods.

The boy was soon busy with his books. He forgot all about his one fish, and even the promptings of a healthy appetite were neglected when he began to struggle with Arithmetic. He was aroused, however, by the familiar bark of Tiger.

"Hello!" he said, "here's a visitor, and someone Tiger knows."

He glanced out of the window and saw Mrs. Lane approaching the gate.

"What can this mean?" he pondered. "Surely she has not come all this way to tell mother. I must give her a hint."

But before he could do anything, Mrs. Lane had told all—told how Andy had gone all the way from the brook to give her some fish and how difficult it had been to persuade him to take even one home with him.

Andy's mother knew now why her boy had returned late that evening. She understood too why he had been so happy. That night from two lowly homes fervent prayers went up to Heaven for Andy; the prayers of a grateful old woman for a cheerful and generous young friend; the prayers of a loving mother for a noble and thoughtful son.

J. KANNON, Latin Rudiments "A."

### LATIN RUDIMENTS "B"

Our ship was launched on September 3rd and since that time has explored the sea of knowledge in every direction and under every kind of weather. It has been a matter of much dispute among the students of this class, whether the noble craft "Latin Rudiments 'B," of 1915 is more like a super-dreadnought, a dreadnought, an armoured cruiser, a torpedo-destroyer, a submatine, or even a sea-plane.

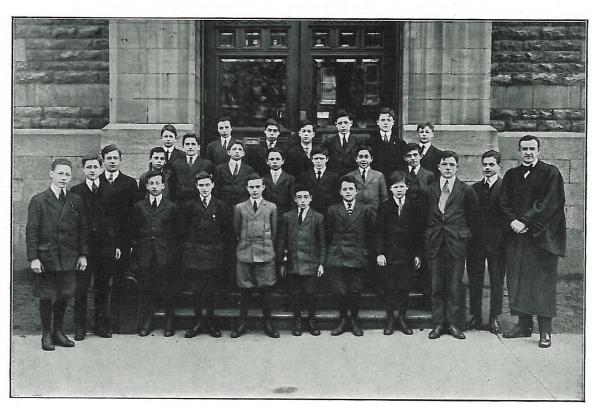
When the question came up for debate, Noonan and Letang—who, by the way, are pals, just to make the other pals jealous—claimed that owing to their utter lack of fear in bombarding the class with their remarks, Rudiments "B" should be ranked among the super-dreadnoughts. Wood, Murphy, Lefebvre and the brothers Lavimodière, being slightly less destructive and venturesome than the Noonan-Letang type, were considered to lend to the class the appearance and spirit of a dreadnought. Wood earned his high reputation for bravery by taking nine lives. He was very cool about it; took one day for the destruction of each life, then a day to rest when it was all over and the poor lone cat, which objected to a change of residence, was buried in the back yard it loved so well. Stone, Vauthier and Mahoney, being fairly proof against the assaults of knowledge, were spoken of as suggesting an armoured-cruiser. When asked his opinion in the matter, the Professor ventured to say that an armoured cruiser doing service as an excursion boat would be more appropriate still. Muldoon wished to call the class ship a torpedo-destroyer, with himself as Captain, Del Sole and Keenan as Lieutenants, Dennis, Panneton and Nadeau as Gunners. The reason of his choice was that he considered he would be able with a destroyer so stoutly manned to force his way through the Dardenelles—meaning the examinations. O'Brien, Murray, Décary and DesLauriers averred that Muldoon and his crew would be blown to pieces by the land batteries of the Turk and would capture never a fort; hence the advisability of making the class craft a submarine. Murray furthermore added that thus he and his supporters would be saved the effort of ever rising to the surface and would stand just as good a chance, if not better, of squeezing through the narrows. But Dolan vowed he could not stand the strain of being submerged, even for a very short time, and his avowal was heartily appluaded and approved of by such aspiring youths as Gibson, Binda, Massé and Prud'homme. This band got their heads together and after a little whispered but animated consultation declared themselves unanimously in favour of a sea-plane, which, while preserving for them their reputation for speedy manœuvring, would enable them to soar aloft and reconnoitre the position of the enemy's guns and so win the day by strategy.

By this time the debate was becoming rather unruly, and the Professor intervened. Noonan stood up politely and asked him to give a decision and thus settle all disputes. The hush that followed this appeal was finally broken.

"I think this crew is more suited to a mine-layer than to anything else in the line of war craft that I know of." said the Professor.



LATIN RUDIMENTS "A"



LATIN RUDIMENTS "B"

# \* KAZAN \* THE WOLF-DOG OF THE NORTH

"What is the matter with that dog?" Mrs. MacPherson asked, as a long, mournful, drawn-out howl sounded on the crisp evening air. "He's been howling like that ever since Harry and Laura left for Nome this morning."

"Most likely he's aching to be pulling in the traces again," answered her husband.

The dog in question was a cross between a bulldog and a wolfhound, and was considered in his day one of the best leaders of a dog-team in the country. Kazan, as he was called, was growing old and was much crippled with rheumatism, the result of his many long journeys through the eternal snows. He was now used as a watch-dog and frightened away the thieving Crees who used that part of the country as a trapping and hunting ground.

Annoyed by the dog's continued howling, Mrs. MacPherson went to the front porch to see what was the matter with him. He stood on his hind legs, straining his chain and staring with blood-red eyes down the trail over which his young master and mistress had travelled that morning. Stooping, she unfastened the catch of his collar and stood watching as the dog with a glad yelp started down the trail with that long, never-tiring, graceful gallop of the wolf. She followed him with her eyes until he faded into a speck and at last disappeared over the brow of the hill.

Towards noon of the next day he overtook a team of seven dogs hauling a sled, on which, what at first glance seemed to be a bundle of furs, turned out on closer inspection to be a very beautiful young woman. She was bubbling over with happiness, and well she might, for but yesterday she had become the bride of that young and stalwart specimen of humanity who loped so easily along on snow-shoes by her side; besides she could feel by stretching her foot the bag of quartz rock that was to form the nucleus of their fortune.

That the man, however, was not so care-free, could be seen by the way he was urging his dogs and casting anxious glances from time to time over his shoulder. That morning at the Post he had noticed a certain half-breed watch with greedy eyes the lumps of yellow metal he was packing in the Lag which now lay at his wife's feet; and he knew that the man would stop at nothing in order to get his hands on the treasure. With these thoughts in his mind, he had just murmured half-audibly to himslef: "If Kazan were only young again!" when he was rudely awakened from his musing by a heavy body landing squarely on his shoulders and knocking him into the snow. When his scattered wits returned, he heard his wife laughing heartily at his discomfiture, and felt a great tongue licking his face. With a good-natured laugh

he pushed Kazan aside, rose to his feet and adjusted his snow-shoes. The party then pushed on without delay.

During the day the leading dog, exhausted by the furious pace at which they were travelling, collapsed. Telling his wife to hide her face, the young man quickly ended the dog's sufferings, and cutting him free of the traces, tossed the body to one side of the trail. Calling Kazan he fastened the harness on him and started again at a slower pace.

That night they camped on the side of a hill. The man going out in the early morning to cut wood for a fire saw something that caused him to turn back in haste to the tent, harness the dogs and push on at a killing pace. It was towards mid-day that the strength of Kazan gave out and he sank down in the snow. But his young mistress saved him; saved him from the fate of every husky that falls on the terrible Alaskan trail. As the man was placing the muzzle of his gun to the dog's ear, his wife exclaimed: "Don't Harry! Just look at his eyes! They are red, blood red! It's the bulldog blood in him which never says die."

"Then he'll never be shot by me," vowed the man. Taking off one of his snow-shoes, he scooped a hole in the snow and laid Kazan in it with some frozen fish which he had with him for dog-food. As they departed it began to snow; at first a few flakes, then a regular blizzard.

When several hours later Kazan awoke, he at once began to lap the snow to ease his parched tongue and to gnaw the fish to satisfy his ravenous hunger. Then, getting on his feet, he easily broke through the covering of snow and again took the trail. It had snowed hard, but now a full moon made the scene as bright as day. For a time Kazan sniffed along the trail, then came to a sudden stop, while his hair bristled and an ominous growl escaped him. A fresh scent told him that some one else was on his master's trail. About two miles farther on he entered a clump of trees. He at once slackened his pace, and in a few minutes, sure enough, he came upon the half-breed's camp.

Kazan kept within the shelter of the trees until he saw the man rise, pick up his rifle and prepare to depart. Like a shadow the dog followed, and they emerged upon the trail. The half-breed walked along boldly until in among the trees could be seen a tent before which a fire still smouldered; he stopped to listen. Not a sound was heard; even the dogs, weary and sore with long exertion, were buried fast alseep in the snow.

Advancing cautiously and followed more cautiously still by Kazan, the man made his way to the sled in front of the tent and looked among the packages for the bag for which he was prepared to commit murder. His search was brief and vain. He turned towards the tent, and as he was about to enter, Kazan saw him draw something from his belt that glittered strangely in the moonlight. This caused the blood to rush in a frenzied rage through the dog's veins. He bared his teeth with a snarl. Bounding across the intervening space, he launched himself straight for the man. On hearing the snarl, the half-breed turned to see

a gaunt grey beast with blood-red eyes rush at him from out the shadows of the trees. He raised an arm to protect himself, but too late. Those terrible fangs fastened themselves with a snap on his throat, crunched through the jugular vein, and drew the life-blood. The other arm rose and fell once, but it plunged the knife deep into the dog's side. Without a sound they sank together into the snow.

In the intense Arctic cold, the bodies stiffened and became as marble. The man stepping from the tent in the morning found them half-buried in the drifting snow, and the dog's teeth still tightly fastened, even in death, in his enemy's throat.

To-day friends who call on Mr. and Mrs. MacPherson wonder why they have the stuffed figure of a dog, gaunt, grey, deep-chested, and with eyes that are blood-red, standing in a crouching attitude at the foot of the hall-stairs. When asked, they smile and tell the story.

THOROLD WOOD, Latin Rudiments "B."



## FIRST PREPARATORY

As is only to be expected of the second youngest class in the College, First Preparatory is composed almost exclusively of little lambs. Some few, however, have been in the class so long, that it seems only natural to suspect that by this time they have grown to be nice little sheep. But it would be unfair to infer from this that the class lacks talent. Not a bit of it! Two or three of them, for example, can do almost anything with figures; work a problem all wrong down to the very last line, then with a mere turn of the hand—or of the pages of the text-book—leave the correct result smiling coyly at the unsuspecting and admiring teacher. Of course this happens only occasionally; not even a genius can be dazzlingly brilliant all the time.

The class boasts, moreover, of some magnificent orators. It is even questionable if Canada's future ablest speaker is not hidden there. We are aware that another class lays claim to this honour, so the only thing to do is to leave it to Time to give an impartial decision. But to show that our claim is not altogether a rash one, it may be mentioned in passing that at least one boy in pleading his own case has succeeded in moving himself to tears. True, he only drew peals of laughter from his audience, a paradox that can easily be accounted for, if one only bears in mind that boys in short trousers stubbornly refuse to see anything but the ludicrous side of things.

The class-master was asked one day to forecast the future of a few of the more promising pupils. He refused.

"Their ears," said he, "are not yet fully grown, nor their voices fully developed."

He has taught them for ten months, so we forgive him. When approached a second time, he said that Anglin would enter politics and become Prime Minister at an early age; that in the formation of his Cabinet he might possibly remember Spelman and make him Minister of Roads; that is, if Spelman had not in the meantime become disqualified from holding office. Connelly, he averred, would be a brilliant lawyer, but would lose all his cases; Zimmerman, a criminal lawyer who would convince any jury possessing even a glimmer of intelligence that his client deserved reward rather than punishment; Mulvena would be a Judge whose pronouncements from the Bench would be noted for their terseness and brevity; while Del Sole, judging from his English Compositions, would be editor of a successful Comic Paper.

Courtney's ambitions have recently been taking a new direction. His latest scheme is the foundation of a new Jesuit Province in the Recreation Hall. Naturally, he named himself first Provincial. He chose Dailey to fill the office of Rector of Loyola with Anglin as Prefect. He could find no one willing to teach First Preparatory, so had to take the position himself. It is not easy to understand why he made Dailey Rector. However, Father Provincial—to give him his new title—is too well skilled in the art of governing to give reasons for his actions, and his subjects too well practised in the virtue of obedience to ask for explanations; so the matter is likely to remain a mystery.

At the present moment the class to a man is burning with ambition to win at least a pass card; a state of mind with which their teacher says he is in per-



FIRST PREPARATORY



SECOND PREPARATORY

fect sympathy, though he confesses to feeling at times just a twinge of com-

passion for their future class-master.

We shall conclude seriously. The class has its faults, but they are the faults proper to healthy boyhood. It has its virtues too. Some, young as they are, show even now—hats off, you others who expect to have greatness thrust upon you later on—that they will always do carefully and well whatsoever their hands may find to do. One good quality common to the whole class must also be mentioned. The resort to corporal punishment must of necessity be made more frequently in the younger than in the older classes. For that reason this class would have more cause than any higher class to feel justly proud did they deserve to have it said of them that they entertained no resentment whatever towards those who found it necessary to have them punished even rather severely at times. This we consider would be very great praise indeed, and we feel much pleasure in being told by their Master and in recording it here, that this praise is fully merited by all the pupils of the class of First Preparatory.

"THE INSPECTOR."

## SECOND PREPARATORY

The class of Second Preparatory is composed of thirty boys of tastes and intelligence as varied as the resources of the lands from which they come. The Province of Quebec and the United States contribute the majority of our class, but the far West British Columbia has sent us our king (Roy); from San Domingo comes curly-headed Nunez; while the allied nations of France and Italy supply respectively the meek Gouin and the spit-fire Roncarelli.

Like most classes of the same grade, our 'Sports' predominate, for what boy of eleven does not prefer a football, a puck, or a bat to his school books and tasks? The star athlete is Noonan—familiarly known as 'Hutch.' He is the captain of all games among his companions and was the winner of a num-

ber of points in last year's Juniors' City Championship.

Our football and hockey teams were so good that we had difficulty in finding teams to play against us. In basket-ball we are holding our own with such good material as Noonan, Graham, Tellier, Tobin and MacDonald; while in base-ball Leprohon and Timmins are sure for a few home runs. Though young, we are not strangers to the noble art of boxing, and many bouts have been staged in the Recreation Hall, Tobin being always ready to stand up against anyone. If trouble arises on account of his hitting low, we call on our weighty men, Hughes and General Decary, but they have to keep a sharp look-out for Melville, who is always a little Trickey.

Though we are at our best in Sports, still we have some very good students, who, if they do as well in the higher classes, will make a brilliant college course. Chief amongst these are Masse, Casey, Low, Graham, Tobin, McKenzie, O'Grady and Mahoney. The last mentioned is, as his name implies, an Irishman, and he proves himself a real one, for he will always have the last word even though the result be 'Jug.'

We all hope to pass our exams, so that when we meet again in September we may all be together in a higher class, there to win fresh glory both on the field, and in our studies. "The UMPIRE."

# AN UNKNOWN SINGER

Towards the middle of the last century, travelling on the continent of Europe was not by any means the pleasant pastime it is found to be to-day. Instead of being whisked along from city to city in soft-cushioned railway carriages, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, travellers had to resign themselves to the necessity of being jolted about in heavy lumbering coaches, over rough roads, and of spending several days in accomplishing distances which can now be covered in as many hours.

Late one afternoon in the Summer of 184–, a large family carriage drawn by four horses might have been seen winding its way through a defile of the Styrian Alps on the road to the City of Graz. The armorial bearings on the panels seemed to indicate that it belonged to some noble family. Its occupants were few in number, two ladies and two gentlemen. One of the latter, from his dark eyes and olive complexion, seemed to be an Italian; while his companions were unmistakably Germans. All wore a look of weariness, as though the day's journey had been a long one, a supposition fully borne out by the dust-stained liveries of the postillion and outriders and the jaded look of the horses.

The scenery through which they were passing was grand in the extreme. On either hand were long successions of lofty crags and yawning precipices, with here and there waterfalls formed of the melted snow from the mountain tops. In the distance a solitary eagle could be seen circling about one of the peaks. The scenery, however, seemed to have little interest for the travellers. Occasionally one of the gentlemen would put his head out of one of the coachwindows, and examine the sky with much interest. The weather, which had been very fine all day, was gradually assuming a threatening appearance, and great masses of black clouds were rolling up from the South-East, while sullen mutterings of thunder could be heard at intervals among the neighbouring mountains. Everything seemed to point to one of those violent thunderstorms which spring up so suddenly in the Alps. After a short interval, some great scattered drops of rain made postillion and outriders look anxiously about them for some place of shelter.

Just as the horses were reaching the top of a rather steep incline, the sound of a bell, seemingly near at hand, was borne to their ears. A sudden turn in the road brought them in view of a massive-looking church, with adjoining monastic buildings, while still farther on could be seen the scattered houses of a small village. The postillion urged on his horses, and the coach soon drew up before a large empty outhouse adjoining the monastery, which offered excellent shelter for the servants and the horses. The occupants of the carriage made their way towards the church of which they now had a good view. Its tall pointed spire tapering into the clouds, the weather-beaten stone walls hoary with age, the grotesque gargoyles and heavily-mullioned

windows, the massive buttresses, which looked as though they had stood the wear and tear of centuries, all proved it to be one of those wonderful structures which sprang up as if by enchantment all over Europe during the Middle Ages, and which remain to us as enduring monuments to the robust faith and indomitable energy of our forefathers.

There seemed to be some sort of religious service going on, for the pealing of the organ could be heard through the great Western doors, and a few belated peasants in holiday attire were ascending the steps as the travellers approached. After passing through the porch whose niches were filled with sculptured figures, the strangers found themselves at the entrance of a lofty Gothic nave whose noble pointed arches were supported on numerous clustered columns. From these latter, slender shafts soared upwards and branched out fan-wise to form the groins of the stone vault. The waning light which filtered through the rich stained-glass windows, revealed numerous side chapels with tombs and recumbent effigies of knights in armour and noble ladies. Some of the former had one mailed foot crossed over the other in token of the fact that their owners had borne arms in defence of the Holy Sepulchre.

The altar was brilliantly lighted and Benediction had just begun, but there seemed to be only a very few worshippers scattered about near the front of the church. The strangers took some chairs near the entrance and all sat down with the exception of the dark gentleman who knelt very piously throughout. The singing carried on by female voices seemed to issue from a large grating on the left of the chancel. The choir was well trained, but of ordinary excellence, and did not seem to awaken any special interest in the strangers, three of whom looked about them curiously.

In a little while there was a lull in the singing, the organ ceased, and there was perfect silence throughout the vast church. Then slowly and almost imperceptibly the strains of an Ave Maria, sung by a solitary voice, broke in on the stillness and stole softly down the nave. Almost inaudible at first, the words were uttered in tones of such piercing sweetness that a sudden thrill passed through the listeners. The look of weariness disappeared as if by magic, and all four leaned forward holding their breath, as though fearful of losing a single note. Little by little the words became more distinct, and the tones gained in richness and volume till the great building seemed filled with heavenly melody. The travellers listened in ecstacy; never before had they heard such a marvellous voice. Higher still and higher soared the glorious notes, reverberating through the lofty arches and drawing a thousand melodious echoes from the vaulted roof and the dim corners of the church, as though angel voices were striving in vain to respond.

"Benedicta tu in mulieribus": the words rang out with a triumphant peal as if in exultation at the glory the Virgin Mother had brought on woman-kind. The exquisite voice sank reverently at the "Benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus," clinging lovingly to the name of our Blessed Saviour as though loth to go on. Then changing its tone to one of tender supplication, the glorious voice gradually died away in soft and tremulous murmurs among the gloomy vaults and sculptured tombs of the aisles.

The spell was broken, but the dying accents of the wonderful voice seemed still to linger in the air. For several moments the strangers did not move,

and then suddenly a pent-up sigh of relief escaped from one and then from another. One of the ladies, seemingly quite overcome, bent forward over the chair in front of her and sobbed as though her heart would break.

When the Benediction was over, a few peasants filed out one by one looking curiously at the strangers as they passed. The travellers soon followed, but paused on the steps and excitedly exchanged their impressions. The storm had blown over, leaving but few traces of its passage, and the afternoon sun was fast sinking towards the horizon.

On leaving the church, the lady who had shown so much emotion immediately engaged in an animated dialogue with her Italian escort.

"Well, Henrietta," the latter finally said, "we will try since you wish it, but I assure you we are going on a wild-goose chase."

The two, after begging their companions to wait for them, made their way towards the monastery. After ringing the bell there was a long pause, but finally a small wicket was opened and a nun enquired their business.

"We wish to see the Prioress," said the gentleman.

The nun opened the door and ushered the visitors into a small parlour. They had just time to see that their guide was tall and distinguished-looking and still young. A moment later they were addressed from the other side of a large grating at the other end of the room. They saw that the voice came from the nun who had let them in.

"I am the Prioress," she said. "How may I serve you?"

The gentleman bowed politely.

"I am the Count de Rossi," he said. "With my wife," bowing towards his companion, "and two friends, I am travelling from Vienna to Graz. We were forced to take shelter in your church to avoid the storm, and while there we heard a wonderful voice which made a very profound impression on my wife, and she earnestly desires to meet the owner of it."

The nun seemed to start at the request and hesitate, but she finally answered with an apparent effort.

"I am sorry; it is quite impossible."

"If you knew who makes the request, it might possibly have some influence with you," said the Count. "My wife is known to the musical world as Henrietta Sontag."

"The great singer!" exclaimed the nun turning eagerly to scan the features of the Countess, who bowed and looked pleased.

"I regret still more now," she continued, "that it is out of my power to grant your request. We are strictly cloistered; and even I could not see you now myself, but for the sudden illness of our portress."

"Is there no means of obtaining this favour?" asked the Countess.

"None, I fear."

"But I have a proposal to make to her, one that deeply concerns her welfare," persisted the Countess.

"I am at a loss to know what could so deeply concern her welfare," said the Prioress. "She is absolutely unknown to you and, besides, she has long since lost all interest in the world and its concerns."

"But my proposal would bring her glory and renown."

"Glory and renown are but empty words in a place like this," said the Prioress, smiling.

"But I would not have her remain here," said the Countess with animation; "I would have her come and make her home with me. I would have her voice trained under the best masters and would put my own experience and such poor skill as I possess entirely at her disposal."

While the Countess was speaking, the Prioress seemed to be under the influence of some unwonted emotion; her bosom heaved, and an unusual light shone in her eyes. When the Countess had finished, she controlled herself and answered gently:

"You are evidently not of our faith, Madam, or you would understand that such a thing is quite impossible. The nun of whom you speak has pronounced her final vows, which are irrevocable, and—"

"But I have influence," interrupted the Countess. "The Emperor of Austria honours me with his patronage, and I am sure he will at my request, use his influence with the Pope to have the Sister released from her vows."

"Even were such a proceeding likely to succeed," replied the Prioress, who seemed to have recovered her serenity, "I know the Sister's mind sufficiently well to be able to tell you that she would never accept the offer."

"But you will communicate my proposal to her," insisted the Countess. "She may look upon it with different eyes. You do not know what a treasure you have hidden in this old monastery. I have heard all the best singers in Europe, and I can assure you that I have never before heard a voice of such power and sweetness. Were the possessor of that voice in Paris or Vienna, she would soon have the whole world at her feet. Please let me finish," she said as the Prioress made an attempt to speak. "I wish to add that it is a distinct loss to the world to have such a voice as that shut up in an out-of-the-way place like this."

"Madam," said the Prioress, "I happen to know this Sister's history and can tell you that she once indulged in just such hopes and ambitions as you would now inspire; but God showed her so clearly the nothingness of it all, and at the same time spoke so strongly to her heart that she left home and friends and the prospect of fame and wealth, and came to this quiet retreat, where she has spent several happy years serving God and praying for the interests of His Church."

Seeing it was useless to insist any further, the Countess rose regretfully to go. After the departure of her visitor, the Prioress looked long and wistfully at their retreating forms. Through a window beyond the grating she watched the coach lumbering on its way to Graz, and then with a sigh returned slowly to her cell, closed the door, threw herself on her knees before a little crucifix and prayed long and earnestly. When she rose again, her face was quite peaceful, but her cheeks were wet with tears. She walked with a firm step to a little cabinet standing in a corner of the room, took out, one by one, several richly-bound folios of music, turned the leaves lovingly, then, one by one, she carried them to a little grate and set fire to them. When the last one was reduced to ashes, she left her cell, closing the door gently behind her, and with a firm step and a serene face, she went to join the remainder of the community in the choir.

## COLLEGE FIELD-DAY

The Loyola College Amateur Athletic Association held its Ninth Annual Field-Day on September 22nd. It was the most successful we have ever had. The one hundred and seventy entrants in the various events had trained with great care, and every race was contested with the utmost spirit. The result was that sixteen new College records were established.

Our first Field-Day had been held in 1898. It proved such a success that another was held the following year. The second justified a third, and for several years the Annual Field-Day was the greatest event in College athletics. Later, however, it was discontinued, and interest in field and track sports flagged considerably. In 1912 Rev. Mr. Raymond Cloran, S.J., followed up the plans Mr. Francis J. McDonald, S.J. had formed during the previous year, and by his enterprising energy re-introduced the Field-Day. Financial aid was solicited from the many friends of the College, and these responded at once and so generously that we were enabled to award valuable prizes to the successful athletes in 1912 and 1913 and still retain a considerable amount in reserve for 1914. The keen contests of the two previous years had aroused the interest and enthusiasm of all the boys, and September 22nd was eagerly looked forward to.

The meet was held on the M.A.A.A. grounds. The heats of the various races and most of the field events, such as the pole-vault, the hop-step-and-jump, and kicking the foot-ball, were held in the morning, leaving the long jump and the high jump, putting the shot, and the finals of the track events for the afternoon. A large gathering of parents and friends of the boys assembled in the stands, and the encouragement their presence afforded contributed no doubt, even more than the fine weather, and excellent condition of the track, towards the splendid showing made in the different contests.

John Gallery and George Noonan deserve special mention for their brilliant achievements. The former won the aggregate prize given for the highest number of points gained by any individual. The total obtained by him was thirty points. He also established four new College records. George Noonan secured second place with a total of twenty-six. Three new records are due to him.

The members of the L.C.A.A.A. wish to thank the officials to whom must be attributed in a great measure the unprecedented success of the Ninth Annual Field-Day.

### OFFICIALS

#### Referee

#### GORDON C. BOWIE

Judges of Track Events

C. S. FOSBERY
T. J. CARLIND
F. W. McConnell

M. J. McCrory
Dr. J. G. McCarthy
Wm. P. Kearney

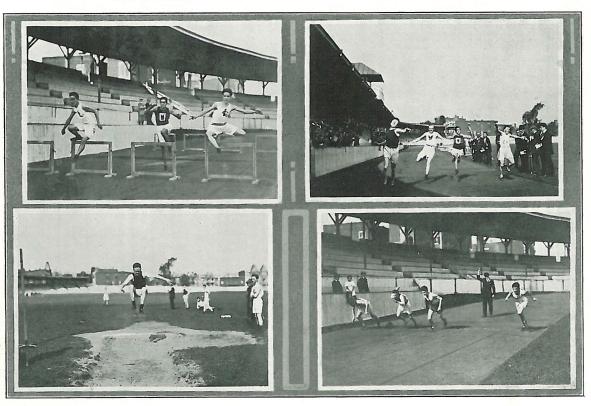
DR. B. CONROY



THE EXECUTIVE OF THE LOYOLA COLLEGE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Final of Hurdles

100 yard Dash (18 and under)



Long Jump

(100 yard Dash 16 and under)

## Judges of Field Events

R. C. Howe
A. W. McBain
S. Owens
Harold Hingston
H. Hyland

H. J. TRIHEY

## Time Keepers

L. RUBENSTEIN R. MELVILLE
G. A. COUGHLIN H. KAVANAGH
E. COUGHLIN R. PREVOST

#### Scorers

D. R. WALSH
W. S. GAYNOR
J. C. B. WALSH
S. URQUHART
DR. J. WICKHAM

## Clerks of Course

E. McKenna C. Bermingham
L. Bradley A. McDonald
W. R. Roughton W. Merrill

#### Starter

FRED DAVIDSON

#### Announcer

W. P. ARMSTRONG

## L. C. A. A. A. Games Committee

Mr. J. H. Keenan, S.J., Moderator. R. W. Kramer, President.
J. D. Kearney, Vice-President

C. E. Poirier, Secretary

F. C. Smith, Treasurer.

## Directors

S. McDonald J. M. Coughlin H. McLaughlin J. Gallery F. McGillis H. Doyle F. Hudon G. Lonergan

## SENIOR FOOTBALL

As soon as the Annual Field-Day was over the regular Foot-ball practices were begun. There was the usual tedious period of weeding out. Numerous trials of the many candidates for First Team honours were made, and when the fourteen were finally chosen, everyone was satisfied that the Maroon and White would be brilliantly defended by a strong, speedy and skilful team.

J. Gallery was elected captain. He showed his ability both as a player and as a captain by scoring and helping to score many points for the College, and by leading his men to victory on the three occasions on which we tried our strength against other teams.

Our first encounter was with the Montreal High School. It resulted in an easy win for the College by the score of 16 to 6.

With the big Ottawa Collegiate game in sight the services of coach Mc-Eveyne were secured. Under his care and skilful coaching our players improved considerably.

On Thanksgiving Day a large crowd of supporters journeyed with the Loyola team to the capital. Their enthusiasm was rewarded for they saw our boys win an interesting and hard fought battle. At half time the score stood 5 to 3 in favour of the College. In the next period the home team made a desperate effort to overcome this scanty lead but our heavy line smothered nearly every buck, and our halves frustrated their attempts at tricky plays. With seven minutes to play Captain Gallery got away for a beautiful run, and Timmins broke through on the next down for our second try which Kearney failed to convert from an easy angle. The score remained 10 to 3, the game ending with Ottawa in possession on our thirty yard line.

The work of our half-backs at Ottawa was excellent. McDonald carried the ball across for our first touch down on a pretty piece of play.

The back division must share the honours with the line, however, for Timmins, Kelly and Weitekamp played a strong and very effective game. Urquhart's good punting and accurate tackling made him easily the most remarkable player of the Collegiate team.

Our last game was against Westmount Academy. The field at Westmount Park was ankle-deep in mud, and a heavy downpour of rain continued throughout the game. Under these conditions brilliant play was impossible. Gallery and Poirier were the only members of our team who showed up to advantage.

W. Wallace playing wing for the Academy made some sensational tackles.

Messrs. McDonald and Kearney have been elected Manager and Captain respectively for the season 1915.

An effort will be made to enter our team in a league next year and so bring Foot-ball up to the same level of importance as Hockey.

The team: J. Gallery

C. Poirier
Geo. Noonan
S. McDonald
J. Kearney
H. Kelly

A. Maḥoney
N. Timmins
J. Ryan
E. Amos
I. Clement
F. McGillis
J. M. Coughlin
A. Weitekamp

Spares: C. Phelan

H. McLaughlin G. Lonergan E. Chabot

J. D. KEARNEY, '16

## INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

After giving the Loyola Seniors a long series of strenuous practices, our Intermediates were suddenly challenged by their old and formidable rivals, Westmount High. Although weakened by the absence of some of our best men, we accepted the challenge and met our opponents on a soft and slippery field. The conditions were rather unfavourable for good play. The game, however, was close and fast, and every yard of ground was well contested. The tackling of both teams was remarkbly accurate and effective. During the first three periods no points were scored. The fourth period opened with some vigorous play. Westmount made several strong efforts to break through our line, but our men downed them every time. Our attempts to score were as desperate as those of our opponents and were met as effectively. The play was so even that it was not until towards the end of the game that the tie was broken. We scored but one point. Westmount High managed to place two neat drop kicks over our goals, and thus secured the victory.

Late in the season a match was arranged with Catholic High. Our team was complete and in the best of form. The play throughout was fast and snappy, and even towards the end of the match, when our opponents had practically no hope of defeating us, they continued to make gallant efforts to increase their score. They had to remain satisfied, however, with a single rouge, while our men crossed their line for three touches and as many rouges.

In the return match with Catholic High we were masters of the situation from the very beginning. At the call of time the score stood 42 to 2 in our favour.

## The Team:

Flying Win	g	2.2	-	_		-	H. McLaughlin
L. Half.	-	-	-	-	- 121	-	G. Lonergan
C. Half.	-	-	-	-	-	-	V. Murphy
R. Half	-	-	-	-	-	-	I. Lyons
Quarter	-	-	-	-	-	-	T. Walsh
L.O.W.	-	-	-	-	-	-	E. Chabot
L. M. W.	-	-	-		-	-	H. Forhan
L. I. W.	-	-	-	-	-	-	B. Kelly
L. S	-	-	-	-		-	H. Doyle
C. S	-	-	-	_	-	-	C. Phelan
R. S	-	-	-	_	-	-	L. Shortall
R. O. W.	-	-	-	-	-	- /	A. Tellier
R. M. W.	-	-	-	-	_	-	L. Stone
R. I. W.	-		_	-	_	-	H. Dandurand

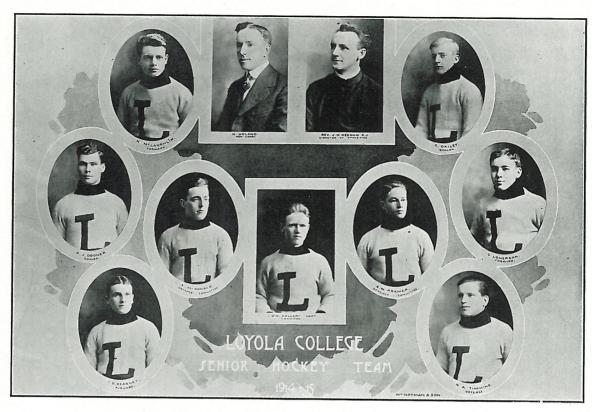
B. KELLY, '18.

## SENIOR HOCKEY

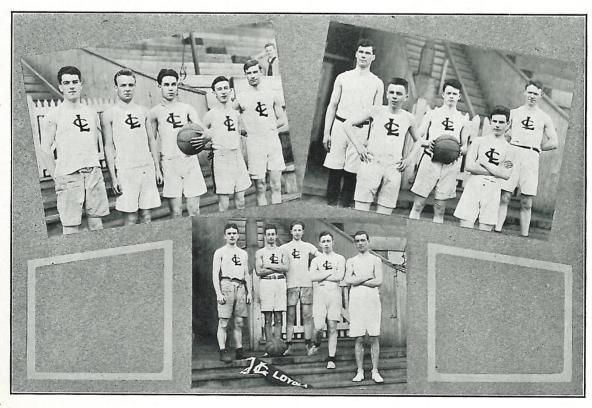
The Hockey Season of 1914-1915 was indeed a memorable one. From the beginning our Senior Team was out to win, and as the season advanced greater and greater hopes were entertained for the championship. The difficulties, however, were too formidable to be overcome; but although the honours did not come to Loyola, it may be said that we made the champions work hard for their title. Our successes are to be attributed in the first place to the untiring and united exertions of all the players and to the friendly encouragement and valuable advice of H. Hyland. Every man played his position, inspired with a desire of victory and sustained by the strenuous efforts of his team-mates.

Unfortunately the team started the season badly in need of practice, but it was not long before they attained first-class form. On January 12th, the first game was played against Victorias on their ice. The team representing the College was:—Dailey, goal; Timmins and McDonald, defence; Gallery, McLaughlin and Lonergan, forwards. Vics. had a strong, fast team on the ice and their bench was filled with a long line of spares. Our opponents started off with a rush, and for a while it seemed as if they were going to have things entirely their own way. But in the second half Loyola struck its pace and made valiant efforts to score The lead, however, was too great to be overtaken, and when time was called the score stood 8-1 in favour of Vics. Our only goal was scored by Lonergan.

The second game was played January 22nd, against M. A. A. A. The Winged-Wheelers had a heavy team and got away with a slight lead which they maintained throughout the game. At one time it seemed as if the boys



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM



SENIOR BASKET-BALL LEAGUE

in maroon and white would tie the score, but in spite of their hard work the final gong sounded before they could succeed in doing so. The score was 6-4. Gallery and McLaughlin each secured two goals for Loyola.

On January 29th, we met Huntingdon. The game, like that against M. A. A. A. was very close. Our opponents were superior in weight and held our boys in check, managing to score four goals to our three. The game, however, was protested and awarded to Loyola, as Huntingdon had played a senior man. The scorers were Timmins 1 and Lonergan 2.

The first victory of the season was a brilliant one. On February 5th, we played the McGill team which we outclassed in every department. Goal after goal was scored to the great delight of our supporters. The result was 8-1, McLaughlin securing 3 points, Gallery, Timmins, Lonergan, Kearney and McDonald 1 each.

The next game was with Huntingdon on February 12th. Our boys started in strong and kept the Huntingdon goaler busy from the face-off till the end of the game. The play was fairly fast throughout, our defence as well as our forwards making many good rushes. The final score was 11-6 in our favour. Gallery scored 6 of our goals, McLaughlin 4, and Timmins 1.

The following Friday night, February 19th, we played Vics. and the game resulted in a draw. This game was one of the most exciting of the season. At the beginning Loyola seemed to have the advantage and it was expected that the result would be in our favour. But as the game progressed the play became closer and the gong sounded with the score 4 all. Gallery and McLaughlin each scored twice for the College.

On February 26th, we again defeated McGill. Our opponents did not have all their regular players, and consequently the game was a one-sided affair, ending with the score 8 to 2. The scorers for Loyola were Lonergan 2, McLaughlin 2, Gallery 2, McDonald 1, Kearney 1.

The second match with M. A. A. A. was keenly contested. The play was close and fast and furnished a good exhibition of skill and endurance. M. A. A. secured the lead, but when McLaughlin succeeded in tying the score the excitement became intense. Our efforts to secure another goal were vain, and when time was called the score stood 2 all. Both goals were due to McLaughlin.

The tie with Vics. was played off at the Arena on March 11th. This was the most important match of the season, as on its result depended our chance for the championship. Our boys worked vigourously, and at the end of the first half, although the score stood 1-1, Loyola supporters were confident. Unfortunately, soon after the game was resumed, some loose play gave our opponents an opportunity which they quickly seized. The College team now made a desperate attempt to secure the victory, and showed up to better advantage than perhaps at any other time during the season. Vics., however, maintained their lead, and thus obtained the championship of Section "A" of the League. Our one goal was scored by McLaughlin.

Shamrocks were champions of Section "B," but went down to defeat before the skill and speed of the Vics.

The standing of Section "A" was as follows:

				1	Won	Lost	Tied
Victorias			100	 	8	1	
M. A. A. A.				4.19	5	2	1
Loyola	1200	-		 	4	3	1
Huntingdon				 	2	6	
McGill				 	1	7	

The following exhibition games were played during the Season:
Westmount High School vs. Loyola

Won by Loyola....Score 6-3

Scorers for Loyola— McLaughlin 5
Gallery 1

Merchants' Bank vs. Loyola Won by Loyola....Score 5-4

Scorers for Loyola— $\begin{cases} \text{Lonergan} & 2\\ \text{McLaughlin} & 2\\ \text{Walsh} & 1 \end{cases}$ 

Bank of Commerce vs. Loyola Won by Loyola . . . . Score 5-4

 $Scorers for Loyola - \begin{cases} McLaughlin & 2\\ Lonergan & 1\\ McDonald & 1\\ Gallery & 1 \end{cases}$ 

C. C. PHELAN, First Grammar

## THE TEAM

E. DAILEY:—Goaler for first half of the season. Gave great promise at first; blocks shots from close quarters effectively, but causes uneasiness by not clearing neatly; weak in stopping long shots.

R. DOONER:—Replaced Dailey in goal. Fearless and hard worker, though somewhat rash in leaving goal, and at times rather slow; to him are

due some of our victories.

N. TIMMINS:—Defence-man, fast, strong and heavy; makes brilliant rushes, but at times runs over puck, and is inclined to shoot too high; impeded by having to change hands when shooting.

S. McDonald:—Plays a good defence game; uses his weight and strength to advantage, but rather unskilful in getting away with the puck; when not

ill-timed, his rushes are very effective.

R. Kramer:—Though not a regular defence-man, he showed excellent judgment in his play and accuracy in checking at critical moments; speedy, but ineffective in his rushes.

J. KEARNEY:—By the confidence he inspires, causes a marked change in





THE DAVIS CUP

the team; cool, fast and reliable; slow in shooting, and at times lacks vigour; unfortunately was unable to play at the beginning of the season.

- G. Lonergan:—Played centre forward; shows extraordinary skill in dodging and checking; his shots are quick and cunning, but not always strong and accurate; very unselfish; lacks speed and endurance.
- J. GALLERY:—One of the speediest men in the league; his shot is the terror of opposing goalers and even of the spectators; though he is slow in settling to it, his shot is low and powerful; his speed enables him to check back with effect; he is somewhat prodigal of his energy; most dangerous and closely watched man of the team; popular as captain.
- H. McLaughlin:—A fast, neat and skilful player; never tires; occasionally lacks aggressiveness, though at other times he spoils opportunities by over-eagerness and irritability; can play any position on the forward line and is the highest scorer for the College.
- F. McGillis:—A valuable substitute for the forwards; though a young and light player, his showing this season augurs well for his future work on the team.
- A. Tellier:—While his youth enables him to play on the Junior team, his skill entitles him to a place on the Intermediate, and even on the Senior as substitute. With a little more experience he ought to prove a strong and reliable player.

FANNIUS CRITICUS.

## THE DAVIS CUP

The Senior Team that competed for the Davis Cup in the Catholic Inter-School and College Hockey League and had the honour of retaining it for the second time was composed in great part of those who played on the Loyola Team in the Junior Amateur Hockey Association of Canada. Their only rival was the Catholic High School Senior Team which met with two successive defeats and thus gave the championship to Loyola.

#### The Team

H. McDonald, Goal; N. Timmins, Point; A. Tellier, Cover-Point; G. Longeran, Centre; H. McLaughlin (Captain), Left Wing; F. McGillis, Right Wing; T. Walsh (spare), forward.

## INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY

## THE GUERIN CUP

The Guerin Cup was competed for by the Intermediates in the Catholic Inter-School and College League. This Cup also the Loyola Team succeeded in holding for a second season by defeating the Catholic High School in the only two games that were played. In this section of the League the teams were evenly matched, the scores close, and the play at all times interesting.

## The Team

H. McDonald, Goal; A. Tellier, Point; L. Clement, Cover-Point; T. Walsh, Rover; G. Lonergan, Centre; V. Murphy, Left Wing; F. McGillis, Right Wing.

## JUNIOR HOCKEY

Though all the players on this year's Junior Hockey Team were under sixteen, several of them played Intermediate with success and one ranked as spare on the Senior Team. The most interesting games of the season were those played against the Catholic High School, St. Aloysius, the Maples—a team made up of Loyola Day-Scholars, and the Independents—another Loyola team. The only defeat suffered by the Juniors was at the hands of the St. Laurent Team by a score of 1-0; one of the games against the C.H.S. was a draw. All the other matches resulted in victories for the Juniors.

The usual line-up was: Goal, L. Timmins; Point, A. Smith; Cover-Point, A. Tellier; Rover, C. Trihey; Centre, J. McGarry; Left Wing, V. Noonan or M. J. O'Brien; Right Wing, J. McMartin; Spares, E. Coughlin and F. Tierney.

Timmins showed skill in goals on the few occasions when an opponent succeeded in breaking through the defence; but the splendid team-work of the forwards and defence left him an interested spectator during the greater part of the time. Smith played a steady defence game and made many brilliant rushes. His speed and ability mark him out as a promising Intermediate for the coming year. Tellier was always a valuable cover-point and kept the opposing forwards well out from the goals. He has already been mentioned among the Seniors. The forwards played well, but were somewhat inclined to crowd together. Trihey, the captain, scored most of the goals for his team. McGarry was always reliable and showed skill and judgment. Noonan and O'Brien, though the youngest and lightest players on the team, made up in energy for what they lacked in age and size. McMartin appeared rather timid at the opening of the season and played an individual game; but later on he overcame to a great extent these defects. Coughlin and Tierney were reliable spares and played with effect whenever called upon.

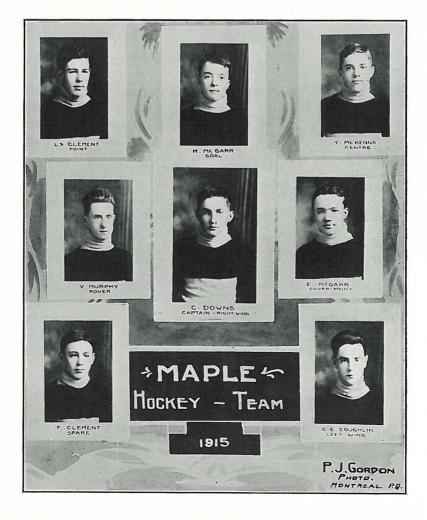
H. McLaughlin, '17.

## THE MAPLES

The hockey team bearing the name of "MAPLES" was composed exclussively of Loyola Day-Scholars. After renting the Victoria Rink for one hour each week, the difficulty presented itself in securing teams to play against.



THE JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM



Fortunately the Junior Boarders also had an hour each week at the Victoria, and with them return matches were satisfactorily atrranged.

The most interesting and closely contested games were those played against the Juniors and that in which we met the Lower Canada College boys. The game against the last named team resulted in a draw; but though strenuous efforts were made on many occasions to defeat the Loyola Juniors, the gong invariably sounded with the score in their favour. During the season eighteen games were played by the Maples. Of these, eight were won, eight were lost, and two were draws.

## The Team

Goal, H. McGarr; Point, L. Clement; Cover-Point, E. McGarr; Centre, T. McKenna; Rover, V. Murphy; Right Wing, C. Downes (Capt.); Left Wing, C. Coughlin; Spare, F. Clement.

L. CLEMENT, '18.

## **TENNIS**

Until last year this splendid branch of sport had been practically neglected at Loyola. Through the efforts of our Tennis Committee for 1913-1914, sufficient enthusiasm was aroused to enable us to hold a tourney at the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association courts from May 25th to June 2nd. Before the entry list was closed over forty names had been received.

As this was the first event of its kind for the Loyola boys, the committee thought it best to eliminate the customary "single" class and limit the competition to the "double" class.

The competitors were divided into two classes "A" and "B," and the lots were so drawn that every man of Class "A" had as partner one from class "B".

Throughout the week the weather was ideal, the courts in perfect condition and the play close and exciting. The semi-finals saw seventeen couples out of the contest. In this round R. Kramer and C. Phelan drew a "bye," while F. Bussiere and G. Noonan won their way into the finals by defeating M. Versailles and J. Gallery.

In the finals Kramer and Phelan won out in straight sets. Although the enthusiasm of the crowd seemed to unnerve the opposing couples, Kramer's brilliant smashes and Phelan's steady defensive play called forth great admiration.

The champions were presented with handsome Tennis racquets which our recreation-master, Mr. F. D. McDonald, S.J. had kindly donated.

Made confident by last year's success, our Tennis Committee for 1914-1915 is planning a more pretentious tourney for this year.

J. D. KEARNEY, '16.

## BASEBALL

If up to the present Base-ball has not held as prominent a place in Loyola Athletics as other sports, it is due only to the lack of a suitable campus. Nevertheless, the College has had several winning teams in past years and at present material is not wanting from which a representative nine can be selected. The fact that the M.A.A.A. opens so late in the Spring and that for a time after opening only part of the grounds is available, has ever hampered our Base-ball enthusiasts. But even with all our difficulties, an energetic committee has already chosen players and arranged several games for this season. At the new College we expect to see Base-ball come into its own, as we have planned five diamonds, two of regulation size for the Seniors, and three of smaller dimensions for the Juniors.

## BASKET-BALL

This year Basket Ball is in high favour at Loyola. The fact that we have eleven regular teams divided into three Leagues is sufficient proof of the interest taken in the game. Since May 1st hardly an evening has passed without its league game eagerly contested by the players and warmly supported by an enthusiastic crowd of spectators.

The Senior League is composed of teams representing the classes of Philosophy, Rhetoric and Humanities. The line up is as follows:

## Philosophy

C. Poirier (Captain), R. Kramer, J. Kearney, S. McDonald, J. King.

#### Rhetoric

H. McLaughlin (Captain), J. Gallery, F. McGillis, R. Dooner, H. Doyle.

Humanities

J. Ryan (Captain), B. Kelly, J. Dixon, F. Hudon, T. Walsh.

The Intermediate League has four teams:

## Team "A"

A. Weitekamp (Captain), A. Smith, J. Wolfe, F. de St-Aubin, W. Miller, W. Savoie (spare).

#### Team "B"

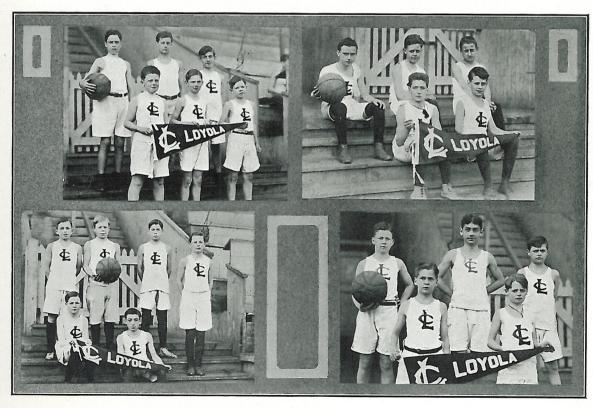
G. Lonergan (Captain), C. Phelan, C. Lahey, F. Tierney, C. Farrera.

#### Team "C"

A. Mahoney (Captain), J. R. Fortin, A. Tellier, L. Shortall, M. Enright.



INTERMEDIATE BASKET-BALL LEAGUE



JUNIOR BASKET-BALL LEAGUE

#### Team "D"

C. Trihey (Captain), M. J. O'Brien, J. McGarry, V. Noonan, D. McArthur.

The Junior League also consists of four teams:

## Team "A"

J. Jackson (Captain), R. Roy, J. Spelman, A. Tobin, H. Decary, L. McDonald (spare).

## Team "B"

B. Muldoon (Captain), G. Anglin, H. Del Sole, T. Brodeur, T. Dailey.

## Team "C"

F. Courtney (Captain), R. Graham, M. Mulvena, J. Tellier, C. Sutton, P. Del Sole (spare).

#### Team "D"

R. Anglin (Captain), R. Nunez, M. Tellier, A. Roy, J. Noonan.

The Juniors are playing very strenuous games, as each player is determined to win the silver fob which has been kindly donated by Mr. W. S. Gaynor to be awarded to the Junior who scores the greatest number of points during the season.

As there is a good deal of close rivalry among the teams of all three Leagues, we do not feel warranted at present writing in predicting the champions of each section.

C. E. Poirier, '16.

## **SWIMMING**

In October 1914, the students of Loyola College were affiliated to the Montreal Schools Swimming Association, a branch of the Royal Life-Saving Society of Canada. The object of the M.S.S.A. is not so much to train the boys in speed-swimming as to cultivate their powers of endurance. As an encouragement for its members the Association awards certificates as follows:

GRADE "A"....Boys 16 years of age and under.

1st Class . . . . . . . . 1 m. 20 sec.

2nd Class . . . . . . . 1 m. 45 sec.

3rd Class.....On completing distance.

GRADE "B".....Boys 14 years of age and under.

1st Class . . . . . . . . 1 m. 30 sec.

2nd Class.....2 m.

3rd Class.....On completing distance.

GRADE "C".... Boys 12 years of age and under.

1st Class . . . . . . . . 1 m.

2nd Class..... 1 m. 35 sec.

3rd Class.....On completing distance.

The tests require that, under Grades "A" and "B", the boys shall swim 100 yards without interruption, pause, or rest; and that in like manner, under Grade "C," boys shall swim 50 yards without interruption, pause, or rest. The swimming must be down the length of the bath and not in widths. Examiners shall be appointed by the Executive and may be members of the M.S.S.A., the C.A.S.A., or the R.L.S.S., but in the former case shall not be connected with the school whose pupils are under examination.

On December 19th, 1914, twenty-five Loyola boys underwent the tests required for certificates. They were the first members of any affiliated school to appear before the officers of the Association, and twenty-two of their number succeeded in satisfying the examiners. The following deserve mention:

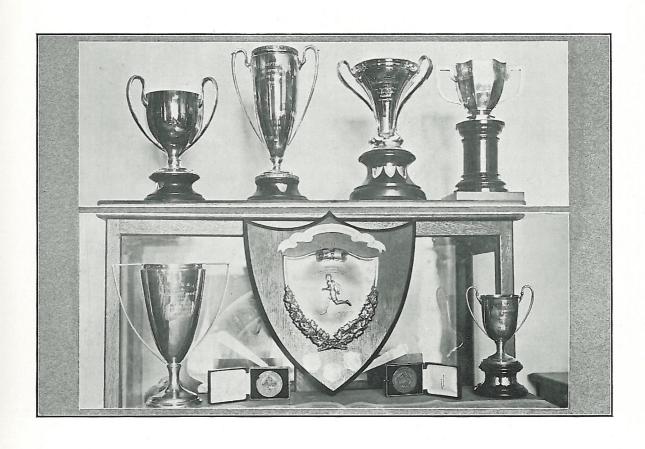
N. Timmins100	yards	1 m. 9 3-5 sec.
E. McGarr	66	1 m. 32 sec.
A. Tellier	44	1 m. 34 3-5 sec.
J. Portal	"	1 m. 41 sec.
J. Noonan 50	yards	40 sec.
W. Quirk	66	40 3-5 sec.

On April 9th, 1915, eleven of the students tried the examinations. Of these, ten obtained Grade "A" certificates. E. McGarr broke his former record by 4 sec. J. Jackson made the 100 yards in 1 m. 35 sec.

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## FINAL RESULTS OF EVENTS

OPEN TO SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES:									
Event	First	Second	Third	Time	Height	Distance	Record		
100 yds. dash	J. Gallery G. Noonan	P. Murphy V. Murphy	F. Bussiere W. R. Kennedy	10 2-5 sec. 11 3-5 sec.			10 1-5 sec., P. Murphy, 1912. 11 1-5 sec. J. Reilly, 1913.		
High Jump	E. Mulcair	E. Chabot	{F. Bussiere D. McArthur	•••••	5 ft. 4 in.		5 ft. 4 in. E. Mulcair, 1914		
OPEN TO COLLEGE:									
100 yds. dash	J. Gallery J. Gallery J. King	F. Bussiere J. King F. Bussiere	J. King F. Bussiere S. McDonald	10 1-5 sec. 23 3-5 sec. 60 sec.			10 1-5 sec., J. Gallery, 1914. 23 1-5 sec., J. Gallery, 1913. 53 4-5 sec., J. Gallery, 1913		
120 yds. Hurdles	T. Bracken	J. Coughlin	E. Chabot	16 4-5 sec.			16 2-5 sec. { A. C. McRay, 1898 R. Martin, 1913.		
One Mile Long Jump Hop, Step and Jump Pole Vault	E. Duckett J. Gallery J. Gallery T. Bracken	E. McGarr F. Bussiere J. Coughlin J. King	Geo. Noonan J. Coughlin F. Bussiere J. Kearney	5 mins., 19 sec.	8 ft. 2 in.	19 ft. 7 in. 40ft.	5 mins. 5 sec., F. F. Shallow, 1900. 19 ft. 7 in. J. Gallery, 1914. 40 ft. J. Gallery, 1914. 8 ft. 2 in., T. Bracken, 1914.		
Putting Shot Kicking Football	N. Timmins J. Gallery	J. King R. Coughlin	C. Poirier N. Timmins			31 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 148 ft. 9 in.	32 ft. 8 in., H. C. Monk, 1910. 148 ft. 9 in., J. Gallery, 1914		
			UNDER	16 YEARS;			(D. M-A-H 1019		
100 yds. dash	A. Tellier	G. Noonan	V. Murphy	11 3-5 sec.			11 3-5 sec. { D. McArthur, 1913 A. Tellier, 1914		
220 yds. dash 440 yds. dash 880 yds.	G. Noonan	V. Murphy M. J. Carroll V. Murphy	A. Tellier V. Murphy A. Tellier	26 1-5 sec. 58 sec. 2 mins. 26 sec.			26 1-5 sec. G. Noonan, 1914 58 sec. G. Noonan, 1914. 2 mins. 26 sec., G. Noonan, 1914.		
Long Jump Bicycle Race, $(\frac{1}{2} \text{ mile})$	V. Murphy C. Downs	G. Noonan C. Trihey	N. Coughlin N. Coughlin	1 min. 20 4-5 sec.		16 ft. 1 in.	16 ft. 6 in., A. McArthur, 1913. 1 min. 20 4-5 sec. C. Downs, 1914.		
UNDER 14 YEARS:									
100 yds. dash 880 yds Bicycle Race (½ mile)	F. Kearns F. Kearns F. Connolly	C. Farrera M. P. Malone G. Timmins	C. Sutton A. Walsh G. Wall	11 4-5 sec. 2 mins. 38 2-5 sec. 1 min. 30 1-5 sec.			11 4-5 sec. J. Kearns. 1914 2 min. 38 2-5 sec. J. Kearns, 1914. 1 min. 30 1-5 sec. F. Connolly,1914		
UNDER 12 YEARS:									
100 yds. dash	J. Noonan J. Noonan	M. Semple M. Semple	M. Tellier H. Connolly	13 4-5 sec.		•••••	13 4-5 sec. J. Noonan, 1914.		
One Mile Relay Race. (H. S. Course)	1st Grammar	3rd Grammar	2nd Grammar	4 min. 6 sec.			4 min. 6 sec., 1st Grammar, 1914.		
(Arts Course) Old Boys' Race (100 yds.)	Rhetoric P. Desjardins	Philosophy E. Brown	Humanities J. Drury	3 min. 47 sec.			3 min. 47 sec., Rhetoric, 1914.		

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